

NEW PRIZE CONTEST STARTS TO-DAY. (See Page 359.)

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POSTAGE,
ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS HALL.

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Serve cold direct from the packet, with cream or rich milk.

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Every ounce of

Grape Nuts

Counts.

TURN
TO THE
NEW
SERIAL
STORY
ON
PAGE 365.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

TURN
TO THE
NEW
SERIAL
STORY
ON
PAGE 365.

No. 749.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

NEGLECTED HIS OPPORTUNITY.

NELLIE: "Have you and George fixed the day?"
Mary: "No, I treat him now as a stranger."

"Why?"
"We were in a train. We went through a tunnel. Of course I was frightened, and clung to George's arm, and—"

"George didn't presume—"
"No, George did not presume."
"The wretch. I don't blame you, dear."

MISTRESS (severely): "As you say, the policeman on this beat may be your young man, Mary, but please understand that I don't wish the front of my residence to be turned into a police-court."

PRISONER: "It is difficult to see how I can be a forger, your worship. Why, I can't sign my own name."

Magistrate: "You are not charged with signing your own name."

"WOMEN have no originality, no inventive genius."

"Nonsense! I have seen my stenographer make a memorandum with a hatpin on a cake of soap when she had no paper handy."

SIGHT MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

AMONG the out-patients at an ophthalmic hospital, one was an old man. He was turned over to one of the younger specialists, who began to test in the usual manner.

"Can you read that?" he asked, as he pointed to the card placed on the wall.

"No, sir," replied the old man.
The doctor then put on stronger glasses.
"Well," he inquired, "can you read it now?"
The old fellow shook his head, saying—
"No, not a word."

After repeating this performance several times the doctor was about to turn him over in despair to his more experienced superior, when the old man quietly explained:

"You see, doctor, I never learnt to read."

A BOY'S conscience is that part of him which prompts him to eat all the sweets to keep them from making his little brother ill.

FATHER: "But I am afraid he is a young man of fickle character."

Daughter: "Oh, no, he isn't, papa. Why he has smoked the same brand of cigarettes for nearly six months."

"We'd like to have you stay a little longer, Bridget."

"O'd like to meself, mum, but how w'u'd the imployment agencies make a livin' if we cooks didn't move once in a while?"

WHY FIRE MAKES US BLUSH.

BLUSHING is the effect of the action of radiated heat on the nerves controlling the small blood vessels of the skin. These tiny vessels are normally in a state of moderate contraction; under exposure to heat they relax, and become distended with blood.

In regard to exposure to direct heat, the reddening of the skin, together with the uncomfortably warm feeling accompanying it, may be looked upon as one of the useful little "danger signals," with which we are surrounded.

Persons who, from any cause, have lost their susceptibility, as is the case in some forms of paralysis, may expose a limb to heat until serious injury results.

The reason that the face chiefly flushes is that, in the ordinary position near a fire, it is most directly exposed to the rays of heat, while most of the body is shielded by clothing. Moreover, the nerves of the face are particularly sensitive in this respect, and the skin there is more abundantly furnished with blood-vessels.

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KEEPSAKES.

Telling of a Mother's Love of Memories.

She keeps them all in an old oak chest,
And memories sweet they hold,
A toy and a dolly in satin dress,
And a lesson-book torn and old.
No gaze but hers ever comes and peers
At them in their hiding place;
And nobody dreams of the quiet tears
That steal down her sweet, sad face!
But, ah, they are only the happy tears
That rise at the thought of the bygone years;
She looks at her keepsakes, and none can know
How they speak to her heart of the long ago!

She loves to come, now and then, to look
At her treasures, for she dreams
How the boyish reader of that old book
Is learning life's wider themes!
And she who sang to that doll in blue
With a voice so low and light,
Now walks with a tender heart and true
On a path by love made bright!

And, ah! they've altered, as all things will,
But as once they were she can see them still;
She looks at her keepsakes, and none can know
How they speak to her heart of the long ago!

ADVERTISING HIMSELF.

"PRISONER," said the magistrate, "you are charged with having climbed up the statue of the Duke of Wellington, put a pair of braces over his shoulders, and a placard calling attention to your establishment, where similar ones may be purchased."

"Well, sir," replied the offender, with an ingratiating smile, "of course I want to get along in business."

"After which," continued the magistrate, sternly, "you hung round his neck a lot of ties, and attached to one of his hands a number of pairs of football boots."

"Those boots are first-rate," said the defendant: "I would like to sell you a pair."

"You also," continued the magistrate, consulting the indictment, "obstructed the thoroughfares and created a disturbance by placing a paper collar and a top hat on the statue in question. Not only that, you went on the magistrate, 'but you endeavoured to put on a coat and vest, with the placard, 'Go to Solomon's, and get them as worn by the Duke of Wellington for 18s. 6d.' Now, this is most improper and reprehensible."

"That's right, sir," said Mr. Solomon, delightedly. "Pitch into me, if you please. Speak loud, so those newspaper fellows can hear you," and he smiled benignantly upon the reporters.

"Good gracious," thundered the magistrate, as a frightful idea struck him, "is it possible you have the audacity to use the machinery of this court as an advertising dodge?"

"That's it, that's it," exclaimed the culprit, rubbing his hands exultantly. "I made the complaint myself. These hard times a man must advertise himself."

"He offered her his hand and his fortune."

"Did she accept?"

"No; the first was too large and the second too small."

LITTLE BOY: "I want you to write me an excuse for being late at school yesterday."

Watchmaker: "But you are not my son."

Little Boy: "No, but mamma says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I expect the clock you sold her doesn't go properly."

DIDN'T MIND THE EXPENSE.

"YOUNG MAN," he asked, "what is your ambition in life?"

"To get rich, sir," replied the young man, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Not a very high aim. But while you are trying to get rich, aren't you spending a good deal of money?"

"Oh, I don't mind the expense, sir. I'm willing to get rich regardless of cost."

"MARRY you?" snorted Miss Sharpe: "why you're only an apology for a man."

"But," protested Mr. Small, "you will not—"

"No; I will not accept the apology."

HE: "I am sure Cupid had nothing to do with arranging the alphabet."

SHE: "What gives you that impression?"

HE: "If he had been doing it, he would have placed U and I much nearer each other."

ESTELLE: "And are you going to leave me so soon, Augustus?"

Augustus: "My love, I would willingly give ten years of my life if I could stay longer. But if I don't go I shall be fined sixpence for being late at our debating society."

SOON DECIDED.

THEY were in the grocer's, and the shopkeeper, seeing a blind man about to enter, said:

"Are you aware how delicate the touch of a blind person is? When Nature deprives us of one sense, she makes amends by bringing the other senses to extraordinary acuteness. Let us illustrate by this gentleman. I'll take a scoop of sugar and let him feel it, and you will see how quickly he'll tell me what it is."

The blind man having entered, he was put to the test. He put his thumb and finger into the scoop, and without hesitation said:

"That is sand!"

Everybody laughed but the grocer.

ALWAYS look at your joys with a microscope, and at your sorrows with the wrong end of an opera-glass.

LAWYER: "Did the defendant, to your knowledge, ever incite another to perjury?"

Witness: "Yes; once I heard him ask a woman her age."

TOM (who has been away): "Did you and that girl you were engaged to last summer get married?"

Jack: "Yes, but we are not living together."

Tom: "Why? What's the trouble?"

Jack: "Oh, no trouble at all. She married another man, and I married another girl."

WHERE BABIES BEAT BISHOPS.

IN this country a town attains to the dignity of a city when it becomes the official seat of a bishop—Truro, for instance, has become a city since the new Cornish cathedral was built within its bounds. But in Germany a baby may bring about what a bishop could not do there.

The very practical Teuton considers that a town should rise in rank according to the number of its inhabitants rather than on account of its religious edifices, and by law an inhabited place becomes entitled to be called a city when it can show 100,000 residents. Thus the hundred thousandth is a very welcome arrival indeed, as a baby born at Schöneberg discovered a year or two ago.

Its birth completed the number that made the place a Grosstadt, and as a subscription had previously been got together for the fortunate infant that should make Schöneberg a city, the child that did so was, through its parents, presented with a bank-book showing to its credit a sum which will, if it is spared, remind it very pleasantly at some future time that it has done what a bishop could not do in the Fatherland.



THE MAN WHO MIKED.

By Walter J. Mowbray.

LEILA ARLINGTON elevated her delicate nose with an air of ineffable disdain.

"Don't talk such utter nonsense!" she snapped. "You're quite bore enough as it is! Marry you, indeed! Two hours of your society per week is ample, thank you!"

Roderick Raynor appeared somewhat crestfallen. But he quickly recovered himself.

"All right, old man," he said lazily, as he stretched himself on the grass at her feet.

Leila Arlington rose with an air of outraged dignity.

"I won't be called 'old man'!" she burst out furiously.

Then, as if realizing that this was not the way to assert the dignity in question, she reseated herself and opened her parasol with a jerk.

"Oh, all right!" returned the accommodating Roderick.

"But you could say so without getting so beastly bristly about it, couldn't you? I'll call you 'old woman' if you prefer it. But I imagined you'd think that rather costermongery, don't you know?"

Leila's nose took a still higher level.

"You're a horrid, vulgar little man!" she said disdainfully. "I can't think why I tolerate you!"

Roderick nodded sympathetically.

"It is a bit of a mystery," he admitted reflectively.

"Let's talk about it. It's as interesting as most things we discuss, and we might arrive at some definite solution, which would be quite phenomenal."

Leila treated the proposition with cold indifference. For five whole minutes there was silence. Then Roderick said:

"But I say old m—, I mean Leila, what makes you hate me so? Really—"

His companion lowered the altitude of her head with a sigh of regret. But the withering glance which she bent upon his prostrate six feet of manhood, amply compensated her for this temporary condescension.

"Because I do!" she replied promptly.

Now, no man in his right mind would dream of protesting against an argument so conclusive, particularly when that argument falls, as it invariably does, from a woman's lips. But then Roderick was not in his right mind. No man is, who is in love.

"But that's no reason at all!" he protested.

Leila regarded him with mingled pity and contempt.

"I think I'll go indoors," she said, observing the hopelessness of imparting any reasonable view of the case to one so obtuse. "You only come here when you've nothing else to do."

Roderick sprang up.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "That's a positive fib, Leila! I'd come here every blessed day—three times a day—if you'd let me!"

Leila laughed merrily.

"Well," she said, "I'll put you to the test. You can come to-morrow at five."

With which gracious permission, she rose, and, with her dainty lace parasol poised artistically above her still more dainty head, disappeared among the trees.

There was a sharp ring at the electric bell. The call-boy slammed the lid of his desk on the penny illustrated blood-curdler, slipped down from his elevated perch and glanced apprehensively at the indicator. His face fell and he disappeared in the direction of the chief's sanctum. Roderick Raynor looked after him with a thrill of dismay. It was three o'clock. Presently the call-boy re-appeared.

"Mr. Preston wants to see you, sir," he said, addressing himself to Roderick.

Raynor rose and went into the office of his chief.

"Ah!" said Mr. Preston, looking up from his writing-table. "I want you, Mr. Raynor. Please see that the door is closed."

Roderick did so.

"That's right," approved his chief. "Now come and sit down here. The fact is, we have had a communication from the Durham Trust in reply to a proposal from ourselves on the question of amalgamation. I may as well admit that we are anxious to effect this conjunction of the two most powerful trusts connected with the industry. But we believe we have the pull on the Durham people, and we are, therefore, driving as hard a bargain as we can. The Durham Trust have kicked at this, and written a somewhat aggressive letter, which I now desire to answer."

"The reply will be a lengthy one, and I want you to take down in shorthand the letter I shall dictate, and afterwards to transfer it to type and dispatch it by to-night's post. I shall reply in the same spirit as the communication evinces. Of course I need not impress upon you the necessity for complete secrecy in these negotiations. It was the confidential nature of the transaction that induced me to send for you."

Roderick mumbled his thanks for so good an opinion on the part of his chief. In his heart he was silently reviling the proposal for amalgamation. And to add to his bitterness, he well knew that the implied compliment of his chief was merely a salve to his rising realization that the task before him involved an hour's overtime.

It wasn't so much the shorthand. That could be scribbled off in no time. It was the subsequent typing. His memory carried him back to former communications arising in this

way. The weary waste of words had made him dizzy as he looked at them. But then he had had nothing else to think about. To-day—Great Heavens, it made him sick to remember it! He had been invited by Leila to call upon her at five o'clock!

With the air of a martyr he sat down to his work. The first part of the hideous task was finished by three forty-five, and he rapidly collated the sheets of shorthand. Then his chief rose.

"I shall go now," he said. "You'll see to the sending off of the typed transcript, Mr. Raynor. Good evening."

Roderick returned the salutation of his chief with a curious lack of enthusiasm, and the moment he was alone, he wantonly wasted a full five minutes in swearing softly to himself. His repertoire exhausted, his mind became easier, and he took the sheets of shorthand over to a typewriter that stood in a corner of the office.

There were four sheets in all. The first was written upon one side only. The second was positively black with hieroglyphics from top to bottom and on both sides. The third wasn't so bad, and was also covered on one side only; while the fourth might easily have been dispensed with, for it contained but three lines of shorthand all told. Sheet number two, therefore, contained the bulk of the letter, and he groaned as he looked at it.

The keys of the machine rattled like the pelting of bullets from a brass howitzer, and he came to the end of the first sheet. He lifted his fingers and glanced feverishly in the direction of the clock.

Twelve minutes past four! It would be turned five ere he could hope to finish the whole transcript. If he could only have put time back by the space of half-an-hour! But it was imbecile to wish such impossibilities as that.

He had a vague idea that much more depended on his appointment with Leila to-day than appeared on the surface. It was just possible she had been teasing him the day before and that to-day she would relent.

The thought made him grow uncomfortably hot and distracted. He snatched at the remaining sheets. The second one slipped down an inch or two showing the top lines of sheet three. He glanced at them and was surprised at discovering that sheet three followed sheet one with apparent consecutiveness. It was merely a coincidence, but it gave him an idea.

Of course, it was his duty to follow on with sheet two. But sheet two was the worst of the lot. He looked round the office as though seeking inspiration, and his eye fell on the clock. The next instant he had crammed sheet two into his pocket, and was rattling away for dear life on sheet three.

At twenty minutes to five he sealed down and addressed a bulky looking packet, put on his hat and gloves, and hailed a hansom.

"The other fellows 'mike' when they get a chance," he muttered as he bowed along. "Why the dickens shouldn't I! It's beastly risky, but I'm in for it now. I wonder what Leila will say!"

His face assumed a pleasanter aspect as he let his imagination run riot on this speculation. Once on the way he stopped to post the curtailed communication to the Durham Trust, then drove on as before.

"Two minutes late!"

Leila pointed a scathing forefinger at the handsome gilt clock upheld by corpulent cupids, and sat upright on the crimson satin couch cushions to deliver sentence of eternal banishment. Roderick dropped dejectedly into a chair.

"Go on," he said resignedly. "I might have foreseen this reception and saved my neck from the hangman."

Something in his tone caused Leila to pause. She sat regarding him attentively for a moment or two. Finally she said:

"Roddy, you've been doing something unusual—clever or something of that sort, you know. Tell me what it is."

The young man lit a cigarette.

"Oh, it won't interest you," he said, bluntly.

Leila nodded.

"That's more than probable," she agreed. "But I want to know, all the same."

Roderick emitted two thin columns of smoke from his nasal organ.

"Don't do that, you nasty boy!" commanded Leila. "You'll be turning your ears into smoke-stalks next! Now tell me what all this tragedy air is about."

"Oh, nothing," responded Roderick, gloomily. "It's a case of suicide, that's all."

Leila smiled, reassuringly.

"Oh, come!" she said, "you don't expect me to believe that, do you? I couldn't imagine you committing suicide, you know."

Roderick flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"It's done already," he affirmed mysteriously, and waited to be questioned again.

But Leila adopted other measures for discovering the truth. She simply leant back on her delicate cushions and began gracefully waving her pearl-handled fan to and fro, with a rhythmic motion that was particularly soothing to herself and particularly exasperating to her companion. It brought him, in a very few minutes, to the level of explanation.

"I was referring," he said, with a fine show of supreme indifference, "not to physical, but to moral suicide."

There was no abating of the pearl-handled fan, not so much as the tremor of Leila's long, dark lashes. Roderick fidgeted on his seat. It would have to come out in the long run, and it might as well be done now. Anything to stop that infernal fan.

"I shouldn't have got here till six," he began deliberately, "if I hadn't done it. You see, I had to type a private communication of great importance, and the beastly thing had to go off at once. So I cut out all the middle of the letter and boiled it down to suit the time at my disposal."

He stopped. There was a hasty movement in the direction of the couch-cushion. Leila's fan had dropped unheeded by her side, and she was sitting bolt upright.

"You're an untrustworthy man," she affirmed with emphasis. But her gloriously dark eyes were softer than usual.

Roderick nodded.

"I am," he admitted gravely. "I wouldn't have done it under any other circumstances, but, well, you know, old man, I positively had to, and that's all about it."

This time the appellation of "old man" failed to evoke the usual peremptory command. Leila was looking at him with a new interest in her lovely dark eyes.

"I suppose it won't be found out," she suggested.

Roderick dropped the end of his cigarette into the silver-gilt ash-tray that stood on the table beside him.

"I wish that were possible," he remarked grimly. "It's bound to be discovered in a day or two. And—well, it means a loss of half-a-million to our people, that's all."

He made the assertion without faltering. Vague memories of his early childhood, and of a certain anecdote he had then heard of the fate of one named Ananias recurred to him. But this was no time for retrospect. Present and future were quite enough for him just now. Leila gave a little gasp of amazement, not unmixed with pleasure.

"Half-a-million!" she echoed, displaying two even rows of pearly-white teeth. "And you sacrificed half-a-million for—for me?"

Roderick nodded.

"Of course, it wasn't my money," he reminded her.

But the subtle flattery had done its work. Leila was in a transport of happiness.

"Half-a-million!" she repeated again. And then, as a thought occurred to her: "I suppose it'll be rough on you, Roddy?"

Roddy admitted that it would.

"It's the sack," he affirmed dejectedly. "And it's ruin as well, for they'll bill me all over the commercial world. In fact, I'm not sure but what they'll rake up some beastly old Act of Parliament and get me five years' penal servitude."

Leila's eyes were becoming still more bewitchingly sympathetic.

"And—and you did it—for me!" she murmured.

Roderick saw that his time had come and made so excellent a use of his opportunity, that the sound of a kiss was to be heard not long after, followed by another that was distinctly the product of feminine lips. And when he re-appeared and turned his steps in the direction of his diggings, his manner was jubilant, his step jaunty, and his hat might have been a trifle, only a trifle, out of the perpendicular.

"Ah! Mr. Raynor, I wish to speak to you for a few moments. Close the door, if you please."

The voice of Mr. Preston was not so genial as on some occasions.

Roderick knew instinctively that his hour had come. He closed the great man's door and took his stand by the massive walnut writing-table.

"I wanted to speak to you about that communication you dispatched to the Durham people a few days ago," proceeded his chief, eyeing him keenly the while. "It appears that less than one half of that communication was actually sent off. I have found this out, never mind how, and I have sent for you in order to ask for some explanation of so unusual a proceeding."

Roderick never quailed.

"I am at a loss to understand you," he said.

The great man smiled.

"Where did you go on the evening of that day?" he demanded.

Roderick appeared to ponder.

"I think," he said reflectively, "that I spent a good part of the evening with a—a friend of mine."

The smile broadened.

"A lady?" he asked blandly.

Roderick admitted the impeachment. Mr. Preston knitted his brows. His face wore a curious expression, as though one emotion within him was struggling with another. Finally he said: "Well, Mr. Raynor, I will not press you further for an explanation. By a curious chance, the Durham people thought better of their reply soon after it had been dispatched, and wrote to us again, countermanding their former communication and capitulating to our terms. The portion of our letter which, by some unexplained—er—accident—we will call it accident—Mr. Raynor, was omitted from the reply you dispatched, happened to be the pith of the whole matter, and positively bristled with sarcasm, as you may perhaps remember. Had the Durham people received this, it is more than probable that they would have again countermanded their communication and declined to treat further for the proposed amalgamation."

"By this—er—accident, therefore, we have been saved a vast amount of trouble, probably of money. I do not, of course, suggest that similar—er—accidents are to be commended. I trust, in fact, that this sort of thing will not occur again. But, in view of the advantage arising therefrom in the present instance, I am willing to desist from prosecuting any inquiries as to reasons and motives, and other matters incidental to this—er—accident. That will do, Mr. Raynor. You can return to your duties."

That night, Roderick told Leila that, his services being indispensable to his employers, the matter of the curtailed communication had been overlooked.

He added, that he had been induced, under great pressure, to confess the motive for his offence. His relations with her, Leila, were touched upon, though as delicately as possible, and his chief had declared that, only by his subsequent union with the lady in question, would this assertion be verified.

Here his imagination failed him. But it clinched matters effectually, for, the following Spring, the verification of his visionary statement was an accomplished fact.

And to this day Roderick Raynor is an enthusiastic advocate of the institution of "miking."

THREE CHOICE EXTRACTS

From "Fifty Years of Public Service," by Major Arthur Griffiths.

LONDON v. PARIS POLICE.

It is a common belief that they manage police affairs better in France, and especially in Paris, than on our side of the Channel.

Comparisons are proverbially odious, and I forbear to discuss the respective merits of the two bodies of protective, preventive, and retaliatory police. I can only say that the one respects the other; the French admire the comprehensive and clock-like machinery at the command of the London police; and we admit the more frequent successes achieved by the French police through the greater powers and facilities afforded by the French law to those acting in its name.

Man for man, I doubt if there is much to choose between the representatives of the two countries—and I can give my testimony from some acquaintance with both.

I have seen the best Frenchmen at their work, and not only on this occasion, but previously, when I had personal experience of their methods in the discharge of their functions.

WHAT HUNGRY MEN WILL EAT.

EVERYONE knows that to be steadily, constantly restricted, and for years and years, to an unvarying and not too appetising diet, becomes almost unbearable.

Although this is recognised in prison diet by some change in its composition during the week, still, when soup precedes pudding, and pudding meat, every two or three days, prepared always in the same fashion, and having invariably the same flavour, the food becomes almost nauseous, and the palate of even the hungriest man craves with almost maddening desire for a change.

I have seen men at Chatham greedily devour the railway grease used in the traffic of the trucks. There was a horrible fashion once of eating earth, with serious results to the unnatural feeders.

It was given in evidence before a Royal Commission (Lord Kimberley's), by Mr. Davitt, that a convict in a neighbouring cell at Dartmoor ate grass, candles, and the dubbing issued to grease the heavy boots. Mr. Davitt declared that he had himself eaten candles when goaded by the pangs of hunger.

The practice of candle eating was said to be common, convicts liked to stir their gruel or cocoa with one and drink the greasy compound, which was found attractive, especially in wintry weather.

One story was that a convict would collect earthworms on the works, and eat them in handfuls with a sprinkling of salt. Another was in the habit of filling his pockets with young frogs alive, and swallowed them in rapid succession on the appearance of a stranger.

My own experiences did not go so far as the foregoing. It was a common practice for prisoners to "complain sick," putting forth imaginary ills, simply to get a different taste in their mouths, if they could only seem sick enough to be given medicine.

A CHAT WITH A HANGMAN.

I MAY insert a word or two here about hangmen, with one of whom, at least, I had some acquaintance.

This was Marwood, who paid one or two visits to the Home Office when the question of the methods of inflicting capital punishment was under discussion. He was a connoisseur in rope, and greatly preferred to use that of his own selection, as he told us one day when he tried his "noose" on some of us. I shall not easily forget the feeling of the awful cravat around my neck, the horror of it greatly emphasised by the gruesome touch of his twisted, knotty, extraordinarily powerful hands.

I can see him now, as he stood talking to us, and found it difficult to reconcile his external appearance with his dreadful calling. He looked what he had been, not what he actually was; he was once a local preacher and leading light in one of the little sects, and had achieved success in the line of pulpit oratory.

I asked him whether he was ever annoyed by people if they recognised him on the road, travelling to the scene of his ghastly business.

"Few of 'em know me," he said. "Only once, when crossing to Dublin for a job, and it was found out I was on board, there was some talk of throwing me into the sea. But I got out of the way. I never show more than I can help."

"Do you ever see your 'man' before 'it' comes off?"

"Not me, never till the last moment; but I make it my business to get to know about him all I can—his height, his weight, and the rest—so as to arrange. There's so much to be studied—the length of the drop, now—one man will want a longer drop than another; but I am all for a long drop, you know. Calcraft wasn't. Mine was the more humane way. The old plan was to kill by strangling; mine is by dislocation. Death, under my hand, is instantaneous; not a movement, not a struggle, when he falls. There is no mistake about it."

SPORT TO BE FAVOURED.

SIR JOHN MADDEN, the Chief Justice of Victoria, was born in close proximity to the blarney-stone, which possibly accounts for the advice he has been giving the members of the Dialectical Society of Trinity College, Melbourne. Sport, he said, was an excellent thing, but the sport they should favour most was that which they could share with a pretty girl.

Sir John was a famous boxer in early manhood, and the Melbourne PUNCH depicts him in a round with the gloves with a young and charming specimen of muscular femininity.

SUGGESTION FOR MOTORS.

AN interesting point in motor law is put forward by "Marmaduke" in the GRAPHIC.

"The suggestion is being discussed," he says, "and though it is as yet in a crude condition, may develop into a reasonable proposal. A—, a doctor, has been telephoned for to attend a case of life or death, and every instant saved is of the utmost importance.

Should the law provide that if A— pays an extra amount in the shape of taxation, by showing a coloured light, or displaying some easily seen signal, he may, on such an occasion, run his car at urgency speed? That is a matter which will have eventually to be considered."

COULD NOT BE SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

A GOOD story is told concerning a certain magistrate, who always endeavours to smooth over any little differences which may be brought before him.

On the occasion in question the summons was one for technical assault, and it came out in the course of evidence that the parties were neighbours and had been on the best of terms for some years.

"It is a great pity," said his worship, "that old friends like you seem to have been, should appear before me in such a way. Surely this is a case which might be settled out of court."

"It can't be done," answered the plaintiff, moodily. "I thought of that myself, but the cur won't fight."

MARRIAGE PROPHECIES.

FINDING the name of one's future husband or wife is a game which always proves interesting and provocative of much mirth.

Each guest of the party is provided with a saucer of water in which the letters of the alphabet are placed. These letters may be cut out of any old magazine or newspaper, and should be placed on their backs on the surface of the water. The guest is to blow the letters up into a line and spell the name of his or her future intended.

Eight lighted candles are used in finding out how many years elapse before the wedding takes place. These candles are placed in a row on a long, narrow strip of board, and each guest attempts to blow them out. The number of candles he leaves burning indicates the number of years before he marries.

The same idea may be carried out with only one candle. In this case, however, the person is blindfolded and instead of blowing once, blows any number of times. The number of times he blows before the candle is put out predicts the number of years that will elapse before the happy day arrives.

A SAUSAGE DUEL.

THE challenge to a duel is commonly regarded as the last word after pacific methods have failed to right the wrong of the party aggrieved. As we all know, this is the hollowest pretence. Bismarck and Rechberg, the Austrian Premier, decided to fight upon a certain morning.

"Why not now?" said Bismarck, "we have our pistols here."

And they agreed to a duel there and then. But first Bismarck had to write a dispatch to his Government giving the cause of the duel. This he asked Rechberg to forward in case he (Bismarck) fell.

Rechberg read the report, and his passion cooled. "What you say is quite correct," he remarked, "but is it really worth fighting a duel for such a reason?"

"That is exactly my opinion," said Bismarck, and the matter ended on the spot.

That was Bismarck's triumph, but Virchow scored when the Iron Chancellor challenged him.

"Here are two sausages, one filled with trichinæ; the other perfectly wholesome. But they cannot be told apart. Let his Excellency do me the honour to eat one, and I will eat the other."

That was his answer to the challenge. The duel was not fought, and no one accused Virchow of cowardice.

HOW OUR NAVY IS RUN,

a new and instructive series of articles, with an introduction by

Lord Charles Beresford,

has just started in

SMITH'S WEEKLY.

HOW HE PROPOSED.

"How did he do it? What did he say?" inquired a girl impudently. Then, seeing her friend turn away with a smile upon her face, she went on, "I knew you wouldn't tell. Nobody ever will. You will never get a girl to tell just how her sweetheart proposed to her; she'll tell you anything else you like to ask her. If they've had a quarrel she may often, in her indignation, let out the horrid things he said to her, but she'll keep as silent as the grave about the way he proposed. When I asked my sister she said that when I got older I shall realise that a proposal from the man you promise to marry is one of the things no woman could ever tell another."

"And I've found this quite true, although no one minds telling me what 'he' said when they didn't want him to propose at all."

DAN LENO.

"He deserves immortality," says Mr. Max Beerbohm.

APART from the personality and his technique, Dan Leno was a sayer of richly grotesque things. He had also a keen insight into human nature. He knew thoroughly, outside and inside, the types that he impersonated. He was always "in the character," whatever it might be. And yet if you repeat to anyone even the best things that he said, how disappointing the result. How much they depended on the sayer and the way of saying!

I have always thought that the speech over Yorick's skull would have been much more poignant if Hamlet had given Horatio some specific example of the way in which the jester had been wont to set the table in a roar. We ought to have seen Hamlet convulsed with laughter over what he told, and Horatio politely trying to conjure up the ghost of a smile.

Some day, no doubt, the phonograph and the bioscope will have been so adjusted to each other that we shall see and hear past actors and singers, as well as though they were alive before us. I wish Dan Leno could have been thus immortalised. No actor of our time deserved immortality so well as he.

WHERE YOU GET THE CHEAPEST CAB RIDE.

IN no European country are cab fares so cheap as in Russia, for there is no tariff at all. On the rank are half a dozen drivers on the boxes of their droschki—tiny victorias, hung low, and with just room for two if the two clasp waists after the Russian mode.

If you know just about how far you want to drive, you take the first driver, and tell him where you want to go, and what is the price offered. The etiquette is followed invariably. The driver throws up his eyes in horror. He calls upon the saints to witness that so ridiculous a price must be doubled before he could look at it.

You are not deceived. You walk on. And before you have gone ten paces the cabman is after you, pointing politely to the seat in the droschky, and, with a grin, repeating frequently the Russian equivalent for "Please."

But if you are driving to a destination at an unknown distance it is necessary to ask the opinion of the first big-bellied, belted, bearded brigand on the box of a droschky. Then it is your turn to throw your eyes to Heaven and call on the saints. A quick problem in division works itself out in your head. Three into a rouble? And you put yourself up to a Dutch auction along the rank. "Hotel So-and-so, sorok kopecke!" you cry, with a leaning towards generosity. There is a race for you. You drive a long way in Moscow for sixpence.

WHAT A ZOO COSTS.

Mr. Jamrach says it is Easy to Provide for a Small One.

"It is a very easy matter," said Mr. Jamrach, the well-known naturalist, "to establish a small zoo. Give me an order for one, and you will have your animals in no time. Wild beasts are cheap now."

"Lions are being bred, and instead of fetching £50 or £60, you can get cubs so low as £12. I have just had two offered me at this price. Jackals are worth nothing, hyenas can be bought for a trifle, tigers are reasonable, and bears dirt cheap."

"What are dear? Giraffes, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and elephants. The Sudan troubles have made giraffes a little scarce, whilst the three other beasts always command a high price."

"To catch a rhinoceros you must offer an enormous reward to natives to go after them. But here are some prices which will give readers an idea of what a zoo costs."

Lion, £12 to £100
Tiger, £80
Leopard, £15
Hyena, £8
Puma, £20
Panther (black), £40
Bear (Russian), £10
Bear (Polar), £40
Camel, £30
Elephant, £150
Hippopotamus, £400
Rhinoceros, £1,000
Ostrich, £30

Emu, £15
Kangaroo, £20
Wallaby, £10
Monkeys, from £1
Chimpanzee, £30
Gorilla, £200
Zebra, £120
Sea Lion, £30
Antelope, £10 to £150
Wolf, £3
Black Wolf of Tibet, £100
Giraffe, £200

"My Nephew Max" is the title of a delightful story which Fox Russell has written for the XMAS ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Questions Worth Answering.

What is a Sounding-balloon?

Free balloons are now used to ascertain meteorological conditions at high elevations, where human life would be impossible. These balloons are very small, and carry little ballast, in order that their upward flight may be as rapid as possible, for the observer requires to know the conditions that prevail directly overhead.

They are inflated with hydrogen gas in order to obtain the greatest mounting power, and carry a remarkably delicate self-acting apparatus, which constantly records variations in temperature and speed. The height to which these balloons ascend is regulated by the amount of ballast and the degree of inflation, and has in one instance reached 60,000 feet, or about eleven miles.

This operation so much resembles the nautical method of obtaining soundings at sea that it has been termed "taking aerial soundings;" the balloons are called sounding-balloons, and the results obtained from their records are known as "soundings."

What is the Derivation of the phrase to "Make no Bones"?

The phrase to "make no bones," which is in such common use, may be generally explained as implying that something is done readily, and with no such impediment as a bone might be to one who was eating food.

It has been explained to be a modification of an older phrase to "find no bones," which seems to have had reference to bones found in soup, and hindrances to the consumer. Some folk not only find, but make difficulties and hindrances, at which they are content to stick.

In Skelton's "Elynour Rummyng," 1529, the lady so readily believed the story that she:

Supped it up at ones (once),
She found therein no bones.

Whence comes the Word Assassin?

The word assassin is derived from the Arabic "hashish," a maddening drink made from hemp. The members of an order founded by Hasan ben Sabah, under the influence of this drug, carried out the savage orders of their sheik, and were known as Hashishin.

Brought to Europe by the Crusaders, the word thus found a place, as assassin, in our own language, from the fanatical crimes of the Eastern sect, who in the twelfth century blindly obeyed the will and wreaked the private vengeance of their chiefs, believing that if they fell in his service the joys of Paradise were assured to them.

They penetrated in disguise to the courts of princes; and Christians and Mussulmans alike dreaded their secret blows, which no vigilance could avoid or anticipate. After two centuries of this terror these bands were destroyed, about the middle of the thirteenth century.

When was Smoking in the Streets a Crime?

The earliest instance known of a penalty for smoking in the street is recorded in the court books of the Mayor of Methwold in Norfolk.

The following entry is on the record of the court held on October 14th, 1696:

"We agree that any person that is taken smoking tobacco in the street shall forfeit one shilling for every time so taken, and it shall be lawful for the petty constable to distrain for the same for to be putt to the uses above said (i.e., to the use of the town). We present Nicholas Barber for smoking in the street, and doo amerce him one shilling."

This rule was repeated at courts held in the years 1696 and 1699, but no other fine is mentioned at any subsequent court.

What is the "Shillelah"?

The "shillelah," accounted Ireland's national weapon of defence, was originally a common blackthorn stick; but in modern times it has been replaced by the more wiry ash sapling.

The real shillelah is a young shoot of the sloe shrub or blackthorn, pulled by the root from the crevice of some rock. After being trimmed, it is placed in the smoke of turf peat, which softens the hard fibre, and when it has reached a condition as pliant as rubber, it is straightened.

When cooled in the air it becomes as strong and firm as iron. The trimming process is then continued, and when it is desired to make a particularly handsome weapon, the spurs, so effective in a *mêlée* or faction fight, are ornamented with small brass nails.

What are Gargoyles?

Gargoyles are quaintly formed heads, faces, or figures, used in ancient times for decorative purposes, and chiefly applied as the terminals of water-spouts upon roofs or gables. The rain stream was arranged to flow through the mouth, and the word gargoyle itself is an attempt to imitate the "gurgling" sound made by the water in passing through the throat of the grotesque monster.

Gargoyles were the caricatures of mediæval times. Many were carved by monkish masons who took the

opportunity of handing on to posterity the distorted lineaments of their fellows, or even of their superiors, recognisable as likenesses from some prominent characteristic.

The famous gargoyles of Notre Dame in Paris are supposed to have had some such origin, whilst others are to be seen in churches throughout Brittany and Normandy, as well as here and there in England.

What is Dancing Water?

Dancing water was long spoken of as the eighth wonder of the world. It was popularly supposed to have endless virtues, which made it the quest of many a cavalier. Its marvellous reputed qualities were that it had the power of imparting youthful beauty, and that it endowed its possessors with perennial youth, and even went so far as to enrich them, according to dreams which successive generations have fondly dreamt.

This dancing water was represented as tumbling down in a cascade in the Burning Forest, and could only be reached by underground passages. The Comtesse D'Aulnoy has made use of it in her Fairy Tales; Prince Chery was able to secure a bottle of it, by the aid of a dove, for his beloved Princess Fairstar.

What is the Law for Treasure Trove?

All money, coin, gold or silver-plate, or bullion found hidden in the earth, the owner thereof not being known, is termed treasure-trove, and belongs to the land, the absolute ownership of which, by virtue of the feudal law property, is vested in the Crown. Treasure-trove, therefore, belongs to the Crown and not to the finder.

This being an exception to the "findings-keeping" rule, the statute dealing with treasure-trove is strictly construed, so that if the treasure is not hidden in and covered by the earth the Crown cannot claim.

The finder must give notice of the discovery to the Crown, for to conceal treasure-trove is a misdemeanour, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

If the articles found are not required for any national institution, the finder may retain them, subject to a reduction of ten per cent.; where they are not retained, it is the practice of the Crown to pay the finder their value, less twenty per cent.

Has a Tortoise-shell ever been used as a Royal Cradle?

A curious relic of some historic interest is to be seen at Pau, in the Basses Pyrenees. Visitors are shown the bedroom of Jean d'Abret, wife of Anthony of Bourbon, King of Navarre. Here in the year 1553 her infant son was born, who was in after years King Henry IV. of Navarre, and by the side of an antique bedstead of richly carved walnut, stands a most curious cradle of tortoiseshell, about two feet long and eighteen inches broad, in which the infant prince is said to have been laid at his birth.

Do Clouds Affect Temperature?

When sun-rays fall upon the surface of a cloud they are absorbed and reflected, so that but few of them penetrate the earth beneath. Thus, while the upper part of the cloud is heated, the air and ground beneath are much cooler than they would be in sunshine.

In South Georgia, an island in the Southern Ocean, in the same parallel as the centre of England, thick fogs and clouds so effectually withhold the sun's rays from the surface of the earth, that it is covered with perpetual snow.

On the other hand, clouds after sunset often keep the air and ground below them at a higher temperature than would prevail on a clear, still night, for the radiated heat of the ground is then reflected to the earth. In proof of this we find that there is little or no dew on clouded nights, because the heat is retained, and the surface temperature does not fall to the dew point.

Is Dreaming Injurious to Health?

As a rule dreams are the effects rather than the cause of physical and mental disorganisation; but it is quite possible for them to become sub-causes of ill-health. For instance, many diseases manifest themselves in evil dreams which partake of the characteristics of nightmare, and there is no doubt that such dreams as these aggravate the irritability of the system and seriously retard recovery. So, too, dreams which are the result of mental anxiety, over brain-work, or too great concentration during waking hours upon a single subject, are highly injurious, because they entirely destroy that state of quiescent repose which is absolutely necessary for the restoration of the brain-tissue, exhausted during the day.

As a consequence, they leave the brain, and therefore, the whole nervous system, debilitated and unfit for any sustained effort. The nerve-weakness in turn affects the circulation, and through it the general health of the body. The ordinary dream, to which the healthiest people may be regularly subject, nearly always occurs during the few moments that precede waking, and is, in fact, a sort of reflection of the transition state between waking and sleeping. Such dreams are entirely harmless.

"TRAVELLING" IN CHURCHES.

Queer Lines in which Commercial Travellers Trade.

There are at the present time six keen business men, all representatives of a big American company, doing the seemingly impossible thing of travelling round the world in churches and hospitals.

But the feat is not really so remarkable as it sounds, since they are actually only employed by their company to develop the company's foreign trade in iron buildings, and are not required to carry samples about with them. It is, in fact, a peculiar "line" in commercial travelling, but it is not by any means the most peculiar.

A great many big engineering firms on both sides of the Atlantic find competition is so keen nowadays that it does not do for them to wait until Governments and great corporations ask them to tender for big jobs, but they must send out travellers to any country where there is a possibility of picking up large contracts.

In this way, there occur commercial "travellers" in iron bridges, railways, viaducts, dams and even battleships, and such bagmen—as commercial travellers used to be called—consider themselves very lucky indeed if they book a couple of good orders in the course of a year.

As a matter of fact, they often spend hundreds of pounds in travelling, and hotel expenses, without booking a single order. The value of the orders, however, quite compensates for their rarity when they do come in, the booker's commissions often amounting to sums exceeding a thousand pounds.

Decayed fish is an extraordinary line, but a profitable one, and it is generally followed by a "soot-pusher."

The latter, it must be explained, is a traveller whose occupation it is to book orders from farmers for soot to be used as manure—some 40,000 tons of it are so utilised in this country every year.

The decayed fish, which has been chemically treated so as to have been deprived of dangerous and most offensive gases, is also used as manure, the phosphorus it contains being very valuable for improving arable land, whereas the soot-manure is particularly good for pasture-land, and the lawns of gentlemen's gardens which have turned rank.

There are, too, commercial travellers who travel in glass eyes, some of them being "Channel rats," as travellers for foreign houses are sometimes impolitely called by their British rivals. These glass eyes are not only such as are worn by human beings, which indeed are in limited demand, but also such as taxidermists and others who stuff birds and animals use.

From Birmingham set out commercial travellers in a number of strange lines. Birmingham has a practical monopoly of the trade in relics of the Battle of Waterloo, which are palmed off by plausible natives to tourists who visit the famous field, and the natives make very large profits out of these "relics," which probably have only been in existence a few months.

It has been estimated that all the wars that have taken place since the world began could not have afforded so many "relics with histories" as has the Battle of Waterloo with the assistance of Birmingham.

Birmingham also sends out travellers in heathen gods and armour, both of ancient origin, of course, which are disposed of to dealers in antiques, both in this country and on the Continent; and now and again the same great enterprising town sends out to the East travellers to take orders for "Oriental" goods, which can be bought in any Indian market-place for three or four times the prices they would fetch in this country if offered as being of Birmingham manufacture.

Thus, many tourists in the East purchase and prize goods that have been sent out there from home to tempt and delude them.

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R. J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.



Is Cruelty to Children Increasing?

By the REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

[THE REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH is the founder of that splendid organisation, The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and has been its director since 1889. The work of the N. S. P. C. C. was at first carried on in one small room. Now the Society has a huge building in Leicester Square, over 100,000 subscribers on its books, and employs an army of officials.]

You ask me whether cruelty to children is increasing? It is not a question I can answer by giving figures. Figures are generally misleading, and never more so than in relation to crime.

For example, according to figures, Britain has a monopoly of cruel parents. Nominally, there is no cruelty to children in Continental or Eastern countries. Why? Because the laws against cruelty to children which exist in Britain do not exist in other countries, and consequently there can be no offenders against them.

Even the figures of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children prove nothing as regards the increase of cruelty to children.

It does not follow that because in 1889, when the society was founded, one dealt with, say, fifty cases, and in 1903 with, say, 10,000, that the difference represents the actual increase of cases of cruelty. More fish are caught as more ships let down nets into the sea. Fish are not increased, but the catch is.

POVERTY ISN'T THE ONLY CAUSE.

So it is impossible to say from the records of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children whether cruelty to children is increasing or decreasing.

Our records are of cases brought to light.

The only way to find out is to examine the main causes of cruelty, and then, if one can show that these causes are strengthening or weakening, the problem is solved.

Many people, misled by statistics, imagine that cruelty to children is confined mainly to the poor, and that therefore poverty is a principal cause of it. This is not the case.

True, the majority of convictions we secure are among the poor. But you must remember the great difficulty of bringing well-to-do or wealthy offenders to book. Their houses are not accessible to our agents or to neighbours like those of the poor, and, secure in the privacy of their mansions, rich parents can practice cruelty without the public knowing anything about it.

WHEN OFFENDERS ARE PROSECUTED.

Then it should be noted that the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is not for the punishment, but for the prevention of cruelty to children.

As a rule, we do not prosecute unless our warnings are disregarded, or unless a conviction will really be for the benefit of the child and the parents.

When parents are themselves sunk in hopeless habits they take as a matter of course their children being starved, naked, and neglected. So that what is necessary to change those habits is for the benefit of all concerned.

Prosecution often breaks up the wretched parody of a home, and, later on, changed habits re-establish the home in very different and happier circumstances. Once show parents of this class their children happy, well-fed, decently clothed, start them again in new and decent surroundings, and they will rarely fail to repay your efforts.

But with your prosperous offender a warning is usually alarming and more than sufficient, and thus cases of cruelty among the well-to-do rarely come before the public.

THE CHIEF CAUSES OF CRUELTY.

Drink, of course, has much to do with cruelty. Yet a cruel parent is not always a drunkard.

On the contrary, many—I would even say the majority—of the worst cases we have dealt with have been committed by sober people, of whom not a few were teetotalers.

Gambling and betting produce the kind of character which resents domestic claims, and breed anger and violence with children. Laziness is responsible for a host of sufferers. Weakness and filth it accepts as inevitable to its children.

Greed, too, results in dreadful injury to children; but the law is now much more stringent than formerly, and, together with our agents' actions, provides serious

To an unfaithful mother the eyes of her children have lost their charm and power for good. To an unfaithful father the children are nuisances, upon whom he has to spend money he would far rather not spend on what he does not care for. To husband or wife they are constant reminders of the better days they have grown to hate.

When we are finding evidences of cruelty among the rich we are sure to learn of suspected immorality on the part of the parents—generally on the part of the mother.

However, it is not part of our work to expose these facts. Our work is the same, whether the ill-treated child be illegitimate or born in wedlock, and so, as I say, as we do not seek to expose the immorality of the parents, immorality as a cause of cruelty is not generally recognised by the public.

To sum up: While there are parents who are cruel from sheer love of witnessing suffering; while there are parents who maltreat their children under the influence of religious mania; and while poverty, drink, laziness, betting, gambling, and greed are powerful incentives to cruelty, the most subtle, the underlying factor of all, is immorality on the part of the married.

An old, and a still operative, law of the nature of mankind is, "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children."

Whether the sins of the fathers are increasing, and, with them, the sufferings of children, I am not prepared to say.

Benjamin Waugh

A FAVOURITE HELPER.

She shows me many a weakness,
Her blemishes I trace,
As with a pretty frown she shows
Her faults before my face.

Though I behold in silence,
My help she does expect
To give her clearer vision,
Her failings to correct.

I have no words to tell her,
But I can plainly see
She would not be so beautiful
If it were not for me.

I have some handsome rivals,
But she's a faithful lass,
Consulting me most frequently—
Her favourite looking-glass.

HELEN: "Charlie Dasherway has been calling on me three months now. Don't you think it's time he proposed?"

Annie: "Oh, no; it was nearly six months before he proposed to me."

A FIGHTING JUDGE.

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM is defying the local district council which had forbidden him to build cottages after his own heart. When last he took the law into his own hands it was to head a party which demolished the barrier placed across a right-of-way.

That was successful; so, too, was the action of another judge whose premises were raided by a fowl stealer.

"Shall I deal with you, or will you be arrested?" the thief was asked, and chose the former course. Sentence of confinement to an outhouse for a week with bread and water diet was passed, and the man duly did his sentence.

Meanwhile Sir William Grantham awaits his summons to appear before the magistrates.

ANGELINA: "Oh, dear, the diamond in my engagement ring has got a flaw in it."

Edwin: "Take no notice, darling; love should be blind, you know."

Angelina: "Yes; but it hasn't got to be stone blind."

PLAYING THE PIANO WITH BULLETS.

The Marvellous Feats of the World's Greatest Riflemen.

THE most marvellous shooting entertainment in any country is that given by a Frenchman, M. Gaston Bordeverry. At a performance held recently in Paris he gave a display of his extraordinary skill.

First of all placing a piece of sugar on his assistant's head, and taking in hand a revolver, he performed the "William Tell" trick by shooting off the sugar without singeing a hair of his intrepid conferee.

Without moving from their places, the assistant next placed in its dangerous position a fifty-centime piece—about the size of a sixpence. This was sent flying into the air just as successfully. Then with a third successive bullet the wonderful rifleman cut cleanly into two pieces a visiting-card handed to him by one of the spectators.

But M. Bordeverry's master-stroke was yet to come. Taking several repeating carbines, and standing ten yards from a piano, he "played" or, to put it more correctly, he shot, in very brilliant style, a complicated selection from *Caralleria Rusticana*, Mascagni's famous opera.

A quartet party sang the accompanying words. The piece was concluded in excellent time and with scarcely a mistake or wrong note. The piano, of course, had been specially "armoured" to stand its novel "thumping."

The "William Tell" business is naturally a favourite one with crack shots. One of the most thrilling exhibitions of this kind ever made was the performance of Mr. Frank Western, some years ago, in a large London theatre.

While the assistant stood on the stage holding a clay pipe on the crown of his head, Mr. Western betook himself to the gallery and there, among the "gods," shattered the pipe with a bullet from his rifle—a Lee-Netford one in which cordite ammunition was used.

So risky, indeed, was the performance considered by the management, that, after a time, despite the famous crack shot's earnest protests as to his infallibility, they prohibited the entertainment.

Another feat of Mr. Frank Western is to literally write his name on a blackboard with his rifle. For this the blackboard, mounted on an easel, is placed at one side of the stage. Sometimes the letters of his name are traced on the board by means of tiny lighted tapers—sometimes by clay pipes. It makes no difference to the expert.

Seated on an armoured tricycle he glides rapidly here and there, firing incessantly, and with marvellous aim, until the last taper light is extinguished, or the last pipe-bowl is shattered to fragments.

"Buffalo Bill," and little Johnny Baker, who accompanied Colonel Cody's great "Wild West Show," are both expert riflemen, capable of hitting glass balls thrown in the air in succession with their rifles held in all sorts of positions—over their shoulders, upside down, and so forth—but nothing they have done comes up to the feats just mentioned.

The nearest approach is the shooting of Captain Hardy, a six-foot cowboy, who, before 400 sportsmen in the grounds of the Lincoln, Nebraska, Gun Club, recently gave a specimen of his prowess.

Giving Governor Savage, one of the State's celebrities, a handful of hickory nuts, Hardy bade him throw them into the air as fast as he could. Not a single nut escaped a bullet. Five cent pieces, thrown fifteen feet high, never came back again.

At a distance of fifteen paces, he cut clean in two a business card held by the Governor. Through another card, held out at arm's length, the cowboy crack shot placed five bullets as fast as they could be fired. Every shot had passed through a ring the size of a shilling drawn on the card.

Hardy's most thrilling feat followed. Half a dozen hazel nuts were stuck on skewers and placed, in the form of a three-quarter circle, around a man's head. Then at a distance of twenty paces, in the space of only ten seconds, six shots were fired. Every nut had been removed in succession. Further, when the skewers were examined, all were found to be of one length, thus showing that Hardy had hit each nut squarely in the centre.

This Great Opportunity

of securing beautiful coloured miniatures, constituting life like permanent portraits, is one that should be taken advantage of. All you have to do is to take the photograph of which you want the miniature made, and on the back of it put your name and address, colour of hair (dark or light), complexion (pale or florid), and colour of eyes. Then send it, with a postal order for 1s. 6d. and two stamps for postage of miniature, to MINIATURE (Dept. 56), C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. These miniatures are made in the form of pins, pendants, brooches, and bangle charms; state which you require when sending your order.

When Ice-Cream may be Sold.

Stirlingshire has now adopted by-laws regulating the time for opening and closing ice-cream shops.

Cricket in Winter.

The public health committee of Camberwell propose to fit up the public baths in the borough for cricket practice during the winter months.

Archduke's Dictionary.

The Archduke Joseph of Austria has completed a dictionary of medicinal plants, which will be published simultaneously in five different languages.

Excessive Patriotism.

The Garde Républicaine band of France at St. Louis Exhibition absolutely refused to play German music until commanded by the French Commissioner to do so.

23,000 Sealskins for London.

The number of sealskins deliverable in the London market this year is about 23,000, made up as follows:—Victoria, 11,400; Japan, 7,000; Falkland Islands, 4,600.

Circus as Mission Hall.

An agreement has just been signed by which the West London Mission will occupy Hengler's Circus on Sundays, the circus performance continuing as usual throughout the week.

Fight for a Mountain.

A strange quarrel is at present taking place in Italy. It is between the four little places of Rosina, Torre Greco, Poscitra Case, and Ottajano for the ownership of the volcano Vesuvius.

Wrongly Described.

"For kicking an old tin can in the street" some boys were charged at Worship-street as "loose, idle, and disorderly persons"—a proceeding which the magistrate described as ridiculous.

Cockerel Insured for £400.

One of the birds which competed in the recent cock-crowing competition at the municipal summer house in the Cours de la Reine, Paris, was insured for £400 during the period of the competition.

Made in Italy.

Reproached by some Italian journals for undertaking to compose music to a French "book," Mascagni invited the librettists among his countrymen to send him specimens of their wares. He received no fewer than 283.

All Owing to the Car.

A Halifax refreshment company is in difficulties, which the directors attribute in part to the continued depression in trade, and to the increased facilities afforded by the tram-cars for people to reach their own homes quickly.

Few Massacres.

Because a man died of plague after eating curried fowl, the plague authorities at Madras ordered all the cocks and hens in the city to be immediately destroyed. Cartloads of the dead birds were soon seen being carried away in all directions.

Sweets and Dull Brains.

Dr. Buchanan, the borough physician of Plainfield, New Jersey, was recently asked to ascertain why the younger pupils in one of the public schools showed such uncommon dullness. He attributes it to the excessive eating of cheap confectionery.

Cheque for One Penny.

A Bristol firm, who were creditors in a bankruptcy case which occurred seven years ago, have just received an official notice informing them that a second and final dividend has been declared, and that they are entitled to one penny in respect of their claim. A cheque, it was added, would be sent in due course.

Free Samples Wanted.

A firm of manufacturing confectioners say that bazaars, jumble sales, and other works of charity are becoming an absolute nuisance. They complain that on morning they received eight applications for free samples and contributions. Last year they received 3,640 similar applications from various parts of Great Britain.

The Passing of the Horse.

During the last five years the number of horses in New York has diminished by about 10,000, and the number of stables by 1,320. At the present time New York can only muster an army of 65,086 horses, and if the same rate of decrease is maintained there will be in the year 1934 only one solitary horse surviving to tell the tale.

Turning Fruit Into Pork.

Californian fruit-growers are now engaged in the work of turning their rough fruit into pork. They are giving their windfall and diminutive apples, pears, peaches, plums, and grapes to pigs. The latter thrive remarkably well on the new diet. The waste prunes have been proved to be worth more even than barley as feed for pigs, and even equal to maize for fattening hogs.

To Shoe or Not to Shoe.

Business is very bad just now, and as an illustration of this, at a meeting of a small liability company held on Monday, the question of shoeing a horse belonging to the company came up. One of the directors moved that the horse be shod, whereupon another got up and moved that only the hind feet get new shoes, the forefeet to get the cast-off hind shoes. The amendment was carried.

A Right of the British Navy.

The British Navy, since the time of Alfred the Great has claimed the position of being "first among equals," and has maintained this position to the present day. It is acknowledged by the navies of the world in the fact that, on meeting a British man-of-war, they first salute, the courtesy being returned by the British ship. The Dutch renated this demand until 1675, and the French until 1704, since which date it has been an item of international law.

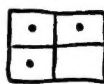
PICKED PARS.**THE BADGE OF POWER.**

POLICEMEN when on duty within the Metropolitan area wear on their left arms a badge which shows that they are empowered, by right of law, to enforce their actions without let or hindrance. This badge consists of a striped band fastened round the sleeve of the coat with a buckle. Within the actual City limits the stripes are white and red alternately, while in the remainder of the Metropolitan area they are blue and white. The strength of the Metropolitan police consists of over 15,000

officers and men, their upkeep costing more than one and a half millions sterling per annum.

**A BRICKLAYER'S BILL.**

In the early part of the 19th century, before education



had reached its present state of advancement, the working classes were very ignorant of the arts of writing and arithmetic, so much so that they were compelled to express their meaning by diagrams, whenever it was necessary for them to write. The sketch given here represents a bill made out by a bricklayer for work done and payment received. When translated it reads: "Two men and a boy, three quarters of a day, two hods of mortar. Ten shillings and tenpence—settled."

**WHY SAILORS HAVE BAGGY TROUSERS.**

A SAILOR'S trousers often give rise to a great deal of ridicule by reason of their bagginess. No one troubles to think that they may have been made in that way for some special purpose or other. Jack Tars naturally have so much to do with water that it is almost to be wondered that for working purposes they are not supplied with knee breeches, in which they would be able to paddle about without danger of damaging the leg portion of their nether garments. As this innovation has not taken place, the trousers are made very baggy so that they can be easily turned up well out of the water when work in the water has to be done. Were they provided with trousers of the same width all the way down the leg, they would find it difficult to turn them up far enough, without, at the same time, impeding their actions, owing to the compression that would be caused.

**THE "PLIMSOLL MARK."**

You may often have noticed on ships that are lying in low water a circular mark with a line running through it. This mark is known as the "Plimsoll Mark." Samuel Plimsoll, "the sailors' friend," devoted the best part of his life to furthering the interests of sea-faring men. He noticed that over-loaded and unseaworthy vessels were being sent on voyages with great danger to human life. Consequently, he tried to induce Parliament to alter matters; but failing to do so, he himself entered the House of Commons in 1868, and succeeded in getting passed the Merchant Shipping Act in 1876. By this Act, the Board of Trade was empowered to detain any vessel deemed unsafe. Finally, owners were ordered to mark upon the sides of their ships a circular disc twelve inches in diameter with a horizontal line eighteen inches long running through it. This line and the centre of the disc mark the line down to which the vessel may be loaded, in salt water. The penalty for failing to use this mark is a fine not exceeding £100.



A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original paragraph used in this column. Address you, envelope to "The Page Six Editor," Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

What are we Coming To?

Stepney Guardians have declined an offer to teach workhouse children the violin at threepence a lesson.

No Papers in the Streets.

The Berlin police announce that they are about to issue a prohibition against the sale of newspapers and other prints in the streets.

Profit on the Pier.

Southend Corporation's profit on its pier during the last twelve months is £8,100, which is more than equivalent to a fourpenny rate.

War on Cats.

Eleven persons sickened at Ahe, Westphalia, after being bitten by a mad cat. The villagers then organised a battue, and killed every cat in the town.

Changing the Names.

All the streets named after saints in the French town of Dijon are to be secularised, in accordance with a resolution of the Socialist majority.

Tramcars Too Noisy.

At the instance of Ealing Town Council, local authorities in the district are taking steps to protest formally against the noise made by tram-cars.

Buying a Mountain.

The United States Steel Trust is negotiating to buy a mountain of solid iron at Durango, Mexico. It is over 400 feet high, about two miles long, and a mile wide.

Sea-Water Disguise.

A man charged at Scarborough with stealing and pawning a pair of boots was stated to have put on the boots and walked into the sea to wear off their new appearance.

Real Red Tapeism.

A Berlin citizen has received an inland postcard which was posted in 1901. A surcharge was demanded on delivery because the stamp used had meanwhile gone out of date.

Expensive Bonfire.

A gang of thieves, encamped for the night in the tramway depot at Puteaux, Paris, kept themselves warm by smashing one of the cars and making a bonfire of the debris.

Geese Attack Motor Car.

With flapping wings and outstretched necks a flock of geese made a determined rush at a motor-car at Blyth, and, hissing and scolding, followed in its wake until it was quite out of sight.

Improved Form of Duel.

An improved form of challenge to a duel is the following Quaker note:—"If thou wilt eat twelve unripe apples, just before retiring at night, I will do the same, and we will see who survives."

Training the Young Mind.

Faversham Guardians have agreed to take into an office in the Union a workhouse lad who has an artistic taste, and to pay the fees for his training in the art classes of the borough.

Clergyman's Circus.

A new way of paying church debts has been devised by the priest of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York. He has established an amateur circus, which has a large attendance nightly.

Syphons as Fire Extinguishers.

A fire which broke out in a chemist's shop at Waltham-on-Avon, Yorks, has been put out with soda-water. The chemist seized a case of syphons and played on the flames until they were got under.

Mustn't Wear a Uniform.

A man who borrowed a Royal Horse Artillery uniform for a masquerade ball, and masqueraded in it in the streets, has been fined £5 at Richmond, Yorks, for wearing the King's uniform without permission.

Hens Break an Egg Corner.

American dealers have been trying to make a corner in eggs, and no fewer than 1,117,000 boxes were stored. The movement, however, has collapsed because they could not stop the American hens from laying.

Horse Beats a Train.

Ten minutes after a train had left Coleraine, Victoria, it was discovered that a mail-bag had been left behind. Mounting a horse, the local postmaster started in pursuit with the bag, and caught up the train at Wannon, ten miles ahead.

Useless War Material.

Some idea of the vast quantities of discarded war material thrown upon the market may be gathered from the list now offered by the Italian Government: 600,000 rifles adopted so recently as 1887, with 48,000,000 cartridges; 1,300 9-pounders, and 500 7-pounder guns, with 20,000 shells; and 170 7-pounder mountain guns, with 17,000 shells.

Trawling by Motor.

Trawling by motor is making headway in Sweden. Most of the fishermen retain their old-time boats, but British fishing cutters have been bought by some. Some of the cutters are used for carrying freight along the coast. A good many of the fishermen buy petroleum motors for the boats or cutters. The motors are expensive, but save so much work and delay at sea that they are still considered advantageous.

Calves To Order.

The rage for "English knickerbockers" amongst sportsmen in Germany so lamentably betrayed the scanty natural covering of German legs that an enterprising "human taxidermist" in Berlin has circulated among sportsmen a price list of "artificial calves to suit all purses." "The calves supplied by our firm," runs the announcement, "have been designed by skilled anatomists, and are modelled on the finest sculptures of classical antiquity."

DOES THE WEATHER INFLUENCE LOVE?

The Changes of Temperature Affect some Lovers Very Much.

First impressions are of great importance in love affairs. The feeling of attraction, repulsion, or indifference felt in meeting with a stranger may be founded on trifles.

With many of us, when a person is introduced, he or she is at once mentally summed up, and a very little thing may influence our judgment. When we have finished the inward process of appreciation or depreciation, the stranger naturally falls into a certain catalogue or place in our opinion, and is mentally pigeon-holed accordingly.

Whether there is such a thing as love at first sight or not, it is certain that many love affairs are the direct result of pleasant impressions given and received at the first meeting of numerous couples.

After an introduction is made a trifle may decide a man as to whether he shall pursue the acquaintanceship, or a trifle may decide a woman as to whether she shall encourage him to do so or not.

If there is no strong mutual attraction at the first meeting, there will probably be no inducement for the pair to make any efforts to see each other again.

These, in some cases, all-important first impressions are sometimes largely influenced by the weather. They depend chiefly on a person's appearance and manner. Is it not a fact that some of us appear to better advantage at certain seasons of the year than at others?

We have heard of the summer girl. There is also the winter girl. Some girls, and some men, are more charming in winter than in summer.

The girl who captures a man's fancy in August might have failed to do so had they met in January. The man who pleases a maiden's taste at Christmas may be regarded by her with supreme indifference in the dog-days.

Some persons are more attractive in winter rather than in summer by reason of peculiarities of health or constitution. Take the stout man, for instance, whose preference is for cold weather rather than hot. In winter he may be a far more agreeable companion than in summer.

He is probably vigorous, active, cheerful, and comfortable when some people are shivering and grumbling at the cold. His personal appearance and manners may gain much by a lower temperature. Instead of perhaps being lazy, inert, and irritable, with a very red face whilst perspiring from the heat, he is, in winter time, quite a different being.

As a result of his well-clothed and cushioned bones and muscles, he may have developed a fondness for winter pastimes, probably to the neglect of active pleasures in summer which would be less suitable for his too solid flesh.

He would most likely be thus brought in contact with different girls than would have been the case otherwise.

It is the same with girls. Some have more vivacity and charm in winter; others are more alluring during summer. Some shine in the ball-room, others on the tennis lawn.

After the first impressions, already alluded to, are exchanged, the love of most couples is generally based on good companionship. Other things being equal, the girl who looks her best during summer will probably be her best as regards manner, charm, and the desire to please during the warm days.

At this period she will therefore be a better companion, more capable of inspiring admiration and affection than her sister who, on the contrary, appears to greater advantage during the colder season of the year.

For these reasons the intimate acquaintanceship which usually precedes an engagement ought really to comprise at least twelve months.

A lady, who had a somewhat peculiar experience in this respect, recently made the confession that she had suffered two misfortunes in love through becoming engaged before having a proper all-the-year-round knowledge of her admirers.

Her first affair was with a man whom she promised to marry at a ball which each attended. He was a perfect dancer, which was a great recommendation to her in his favour. He was also an accomplished skater, and they went on several skating expeditions together. At various indoor pastimes he was also an adept.

In some mysterious way he had seemingly cultivated solely winter accomplishments. When the season changed, however, he showed himself a perfect duffer in summer games and pastimes.

His fiancée urged him to take up tennis, cycling, and boating. (As he declined, on the plea of being too much of a novice, to join her in her much-loved summer pastimes she at length threw him over.)

His successor in her affections, however, was destined to meet the same fate. For though an all-round athlete, they, having become engaged in the summer, had some disagreements when the winter season came.

At the request of his sweetheart he made a few minor sacrifices, and in return he asked her to give up dancing, of which he believed her to be much too fond. She flatly refused, and her refusal put a sudden stop to their love-making.

NEW CONTEST.

COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

1 Life Insurance Policy value £250

1 Life Insurance Policy value £100

With the Premiums fully paid for the First Year.

GIVEN AWAY THIS WEEK.

These Insurance Policies will be issued by

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

which is a guarantee of their sterling value. The funds of this Company are £81,981,491 and its income £15,901,451. Moreover, since its incorporation the Company has distributed amongst its policy holders or their representatives £130,021,676.

THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THESE POLICIES MAY BE WON.

Every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* between the ages of 18 and 50 is eligible to compete for the prizes, those readers engaged in hazardous occupations or suffering from disease being alone debarred. Any reader who is debarred under these conditions, or who fails to satisfy the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York regarding his health, may nominate a friend.

Below will be found five questions, to the first four of which only the answer "Yes" or "No" must be given. Regarding the fifth, you must write your opinion of the answer in not more than fifty words. First of all fill in, in ink, the answers to the first four questions, together with the other particulars on the coupon below, cut it out, and paste it at the top of a sheet of paper. Then, underneath, write, in ink, your opinion of the answer to the fifth question. When you have done this, put the sheet of paper in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and send it so as to arrive not later than by first post on Thursday, December 1st. Mark your envelope "Second Contest" in the top left-hand corner.

The prizes will go to the two competitors from whom the Editor receives the correct, or most nearly correct, answers to the first four questions. In the event of a tie, they will be awarded to those competitors whose opinions regarding the answer to the fifth question are considered the best.

The Editor's decision in all matters concerning this competition is final and conclusive, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

24.11.04.

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Is opium obtained from poppy leaves? | 3. Have all birds wings? |
| 2. Is a crocodile a fish? | 4. Does pewter contain tin? |
| 5. Should cycles be taxed? | |

Name..... Occupation

Address

ANOTHER CONTEST WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK IN WHICH ONE POLICY OF £250 AND ONE POLICY OF £100 WILL BE OFFERED.

ETHEL: "He says I am a pearl of great price!"
Maud: "Yes; but men who talk like that never have the price!"

"I WOULDN'T have refused that young man if I'd been you," said a maiden aunt to a young and frisky niece.
"I don't think I would either if I'd been you," retorted the saucy maiden.

A MUCH-KNIGHTED PAIR.

HERE is an American story which will be appreciated on this side of the Atlantic apropos of the recent discovery of impostors parading under false titles:—It was plain from his swagger that he was a scion of the British aristocracy, and the most casual observer could not have failed to note that he was a stranger to the city. He touched a well-dressed, auburn-haired young man who was lolling in front of a Broadway hotel on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, my dear man, but could I trouble you for a match?"

After lighting his cigar, he continued, "Bah Jove, this is a remarkable city! This is my first visit to New York, d'ye know? I'm a deuced stranger here, but on the other side I'm a person of importance. I'm Sir Francis Daffy, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. D'ye mind telling me your name, my dear man?"

Replied he of the auburn hair, in a deep, rich Irish brogue, "Me name is Michael Murphy, night before last, night before that, last night, to-night, and every other night—Michael Murphy."

"WELL, Ella, have you consulted the eminent physician?"

"Yes; and fancy, the man had the impudence to declare that I wasn't ill at all!"

"So long as mother is willing that I should marry you," said the sweet thing, "papa can easily be won over."

"Er—ah—do the women folk always rule in your family?" asked the young man timidly.

WHEN a girl lays her head on a young man's shoulder it's like providing for contingencies, because he's apt to lose his own.

"Did you say there were accidentals in that music?" asked the father of the young lady at the piano.
"A great many," answered his daughter.
"Well, it's a great comfort to know that you were not doing it intentionally!"

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED.

AT the end of a year a man first begins to notice that he is married. He is then doing things to order. About this time he leaves off trying to understand his wife, and begins to study the cook. He thus travels along the line of least resistance, and learns what is most important to know. Besides, man likes variety, and when he turns his attention from his wife to his cook he is rather apt to get it. The subject changes often enough to suit the most carping householder.

This is the servant girl period. So far as man is concerned, married life consists of a succession of problems which he gives up, and this is the first one. After viewing it from all standpoints, and learning enough names to quite fill a book of love poems, he retires from the arena and gets his meals at a restaurant.

We need experience in our daily lives, as it serves to sharpen our sense of amusement over the follies of others. But experience goes even further with a married man, and enables him to be amused over himself. Thus a man married is two beings. He is what he would have been if he hadn't married; and he is what he is. One laughs at the other, but never loud enough to be heard. He knows better.

"Do you believe that a cat has nine lives?" asked a youth.

"Certainly," answered the sage, "and I also believe it spends eight of them in voice culture."

"I CAN'T imagine how you can dislike work; to me it's real enjoyment," said the father to his lazy son.

"Yes, father," was the guileless response, "but I don't want to give myself up wholly to pleasure."

Odd ways of spending Xmas are described in "Xmas 'Xtraordinary" in the XMAS ROYAL MAGAZINE.

How Football Umpires
Qualify for their Posts.

Many Fall because both Eyes are not Equally Good.

But the Worst Stumbling-block is the Off-side Rule.

EVERYBODY knows the football referee, either as a reality or as a caricature—in which latter case it is now time to revise the antiquated notion that the official has to face anything hazardous.

As a matter of fact, he is now the most systematically-protected man on the field, and is assuredly the individual with most power.

But who knows how he evolves from the player or private individual into the august personage who rules the destinies of teams, and not infrequently has the final word as to the season's locale for the great challenge cups?

Time was when anybody who could afford a whistle, a pair of knickers, and a picturesque bit of headgear might become a veritable autocrat for an hour and a half—if he cared to face the risks.

Now, however, the man who aspires to control a League or English cup game must be ready to face what to some would be an appalling examination, and one which would assuredly stump most of those who claim to know the game.

What may be not inappropriately styled a College of Referees, has been set up, and now from International games, for which special men are chosen from the four countries, down to the minor Leagues—at least, in the well-managed districts—nobody passes muster as referee who has not the official certificate of qualification, whose real parallel is the diploma of the medico or lawyer.

REFEREES OF THE OLD DAYS.

As a matter of fact, men who tout for engagements do not hesitate to dub themselves "A. C. R.," which interpreted means Association Certified Referee.

Under the old order of things, mistakes the most ludicrous, and wrongs the most glaring, are known to have come thick and fast.

There were times in which an individual who did not even know the Association game—he was a Rugby man—did duty as referee in an important match.

Other cases were much less innocent in origin. Men were deliberately chosen because they would favour one side as against the other.

As an instance of the loose methods of thought then current, it used to be said that one referee, doing duty when the League was formed, "systematically gave all the throws-in and free kicks to the side he desired to lose, and all the decisions involving goals to the side he wanted to win." Yet he officiated regularly without challenge.

THREE CLASSES OF REFEREES.

A worse case is that still related where old hands at the game congregate. A referee who, being found fault with for "giving decisions to the other side," once asked, "what fool had agreed to the jerseys being changed without letting him know?"

The methods adopted by the Associations to make such scandals impossible are thorough.

Retaining the general oversight, they make the County Associations responsible for their respective areas, and the latter keep the minor organisations to the books.

There are three classes of referees. First come the elect—namely, men recognised by the Association list as equal to taking in hand an English cup tie, which is really the hall-mark of the first-class referee.

Then there are the men on the first-class lists of the counties—some, of course, are on these lists as well as the Association list. These men are qualified to deal with county ties.

Finally, there are the second-class lists of the counties, which include those who are to be entrusted with minor games.

LECTURES ON REFEREEING.

The great Leagues have lists of their own, which include men on the Association and county first-class lists, no man who has not won his spurs having any real chance here.

In the total it is estimated that there are now close on 40,000 referees identified with the various Associations and amenable to their system.

Many of those now on the first-class lists would tell you they are there by accident of circumstance; but now it is a case of promotion by merit, though, of course, it is yet of immense importance to have a friend at court.

Examination, searching and thorough, is now the order of the day.

There is an organised system of instruction by weekly lectures, and private instruction is sought, the

payments for refereeing adding materially to the weekly income, and professional referee coaches are in evidence, and boast of the passes they have secured just as do 'Varsity crammers in fishing for pupils.

The examinations are conducted by specialists like Mr. John Lewis, Mr. W. McGregor, and Mr. Pickford.

First the men are tested as to sight, spectacles being an almost fatal drawback.

Many fail here, some, strangely enough, because they cannot see as well on one side as the other.

A famous referee of only a few years back had a blind eye. The players knew it, took advantage thereof, sometimes to the undoing of their opponents, and the Association are not risking any repetition.

Then there is a test for the colour-blind, it being found that some cannot differentiate between certain colours, and hence often mistake one jersey for another—a failing which is believed in the past to have led to otherwise inexplicable blunders.

Next there is a written test, and the examiners have to be smart to prevent the success of sharp practice. Only the other day one man succeeded in getting through owing to having the rules pasted on small cards to which he surreptitiously referred.

His over-elaboration, however, told tales; he was tested again and ignominiously failed.

THE GREATEST STUMBLING BLOCK.

Another, more subtle, made notes on his cuffs in shorthand. But there happened to be a reporter present, who had on an emergency made notes there, too, and the candidate departed in sadness.

The offside rule is still the referee's stumbling block. On this head the test is written, oral, and practical, many of the examiners having a table marked as the field of play and small men which are rapidly moved, the referee being permitted one glance, and then asked his ruling.

If the candidates satisfy the examiners they are duly certificated, but are then only in the probationary period.

It is in the minor matches that the men receive the practical training which comes from experience.

Success here brings them their chance up above; but here, again, there is a system of oversight.

The various Association councillors take particular note of the doings of referees, and at times report either for or against.

At present the work is only slowly attaining completeness. It costs a goodly sum, £3,000 per year being a moderate estimate; but it is held to be amply worth the money.

WHY IS A WOMAN LIKE AN UMBRELLA?

"Why is a woman like an umbrella?" asked the sub-editor.

"Because she's made of ribs and attached to a stick," replied the information editor. "Why is—"

"Wrong, guess again."

"Because she always has to be shut up when—"

"No. You fatigue me."

"Because she stands in the hall, and—"

"No. It's nothing about standing in the hall."

"A woman is like an umbrella because nobody ever gets the right one. Why is—"

"That isn't the answer either."

"It's a better one than you've got."

"Don't you suppose I know whether it is or not?"

Whose conundrum is this, yours or mine?"

"Well, she's like an umbrella, because—it isn't because she fades with age, is it?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am. Is it because she has to put up when it's cloudy and threatening—no, that can't be it. Because she's a good thing to have in the house. Why is—"

"You're not within four counties of it."

"Because you can't find any pocket in either. Why is—"

"No. Vote again."

"I won't! A woman isn't like an umbrella. There is not the slightest resemblance. You go on with your work and let me alone."

"I knew you couldn't guess it. It's because she's accustomed to reign."

Then the information editor rose in his wrath, and they were only prevented from doing mischief to each other by prompt—and wholly unexpected—work on the part of the labour editor.

FARMER HAYDITCH (to his neighbour, Farmer Turnip-top): "Hullo! Going in for barbed wire fencing, eh? Isn't it rather dear?"

Turnip-top: "Yes, but then, you see, my men don't waste time sitting on it."

"Did Smiley marry his wife for her money?"

"No; he married her for his money."

"How is that?"

"She sued him for breach of promise and got two thousand, so he patched things up and married her."

Mrs. DOVE: "Henry, I think you are positively cruel. Here I've tried so hard to cook you a nice dinner, and you haven't a word to say to me about it."

Mr. Dove: "Darling, I love you too much for that. If I'd said what I thought you'd never speak to me again."

THE EARLIEST THING I REMEMBER.

Interesting Recollections of Famous People.

RIGHT HON. RICHARD JOHN SEDDON.

I WAS six years old when the thirteenth Earl of Derby was buried, and I distinctly remember joining with my relatives, who were tenants on the estates, a vast throng who formed the funeral procession.

MADAME BLANCHE MARCHESI.

IN looking back upon my childhood the first thing I remember is passing by Hyde Park and receiving some lovely sweets from an old, white-bearded English gentleman. They tell me I was eighteen months old at the time. My whole childhood was passed in a musical atmosphere, and music—singing in particular, in which my parents excelled—became part of my life.

ROBERT PECK.

THE first recollection that I have of anything in the racing way was when a horse called Old Dan Tucker won the Great Yorkshire Stakes, in 1849, beating Minnykirk, which was a son of the famous old Beeswing. Old Dan Tucker was trained by my father. I didn't see the race, but I was immensely delighted when the news came, and to show my joy, I cut off all the buttons on my boots!

MRS. BROWN POTTER.

I WAS only three years old when I played the principal part in the dramatic incident which was to fix itself for ever in my memory. My pet lamb fell into the stream which ran through my father's grounds, and, just as I was, pretty frock and everything, I jumped in to rescue my favourite. As soon as pulled out, my lamb gambolled off into the meadows; but I remember nothing of it, for I was completely unconscious.

FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

MY first recollections are of my aunt, my father's sister, a poor dressmaker, who never married. My mother, I never knew, for while I was an infant, my parents separated, leaving me, their only child, to my aunt's tender mercy. We lived next door to a dame school, and I used to be passed over the garden wall to play with the scholars, and so leave my hardworking aunt free to attend to her little business.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD.

MY earliest recollections are of travel. My mother delighted in journeying from one country to another, and at the age of two I made my first important trip—from my native city of New York to Leghorn. Owing to some misconception, all the passengers were quarantined, and although—as I later discovered—we were all perfectly well, we had our food passed in through bars, by long-handled servers, as though we were afflicted with the plague.

KYRIE BELLEW.

THE earliest thing I remember dates back to the year of the Indian Mutiny. My father was a chaplain in Calcutta, and at the time we were up in a little hill station near Darjeeling. One fearful night we were sitting on the flat roof of a bungalow, fires were blazing all round us, and I distinctly remember shuddering at the savage yells of the enemy. I also recollect being rescued later by British soldiers, and being taken a few days later aboard a big ship bound for England.

MRS. LANGTRY.

MY most definite recollections are of the wild pranks in which I, one of seven children, and the only girl, took part. Once, I remember, my brothers conceived the idea of sending my youngest brother and myself, mounted on stilts, enveloped in sheets, with phosphorescent paint smeared on our faces and hands, to patrol an ancient churchyard at the witching hour of midnight. To such an extent did we succeed that letters were written to the local newspapers threatening to shoot anything in the neighbourhood that looked like a ghost.

ALFRED MOSELEY, C.M.G.

I WAS born in Bristol. That, of course, is why all my early memories are crowded with ships; ships looked down on from above—generally from a flat rock on the edge of Clifton Down. In those days vessels were smaller, and long processions of busy, saucy, little brigs and barques used to creep along under the suspension bridge in the trail of a small, panting tug, that they might get into the dock gates ere the tide turned. If one touched the hidden mud banks there was joy in boyish hearts—so small was our concern for marine insurers—for she was almost certain to swing cross-wise of the river and break her back when the water underneath had vanished into the Bristol Channel.

MADAME AMY SHERWIN.

AS far back as I can remember, my greatest delight was, as the Germans say, to "make music." Having heard that Jenny Lind's wonderful voice had been discovered by a stranger overhearing her while she was still a child, I used, when seven or eight years of age, to steal away into the paddocks adjoining the main road that ran past my home and sing my very loudest in the hope that some passer-by might hear me and be impressed. The fairy prince eventually came in the person of an Italian opera impresario, who heard me, and at once gave me an engagement. Within a fortnight I made my debut in Melbourne.

POSITIVELY A PERMANENT CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

STRIKING TESTIMONY

FROM

GRATEFUL MEN & WOMEN.

•• The Original Letters carefully preserved as Proof of Genuineness.

"The Hon. Mrs. B— would be much obliged by the 'Antipon' Company sending off to her one large bottle of 'Antipon.' It has certainly much reduced her. She feels so much lighter and better in consequence."

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes: "I have used 'Antipon' in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

"TICEHURST.
"I received the 2s. 6d. bottle of 'Antipon' and am very much surprised to find it so efficacious. I was 54 inches round the abdomen and am now 48 inches only."

"EXMOUTH.
"I think 'Antipon' is a splendid preparation; three bottles have quite restored my slim figure. My general health was excellent while taking 'Antipon.' (Mrs.) "E. W.—"

"HARROW.
"'Antipon' is a wonderful cure for stoutness, and my health has greatly improved. (Mrs.) "A. T. M.—"

"SMALL HEATH.
"I have found 'Antipon' to contain all the properties you ascribe to it. While reducing flesh it promotes appetite and causes general well-being. I am glad I saw the advertisement and tried it. "E. R.—"

"RETFORD.
"I am so far very pleased with 'Antipon.' It has reduced me 14lb., and I feel quite well. Shall be much obliged if you will send me by return another case. (Mrs.) "F. C.—"

"ABERGAVENNY.
"I am very pleased with the result of 'Antipon,' and enclose 4s. 6d. P. O. for another bottle. I am now very slightly over my normal weight. I consider it a most useful discovery. I feel much better and lighter since beginning to take 'Antipon.' My clothes at once began to feel delightfully loose from about the second day. (Miss) "D.—"

"BATH.
"Please despatch 'urgent' another parcel. It is most successful. I should like to draw your attention to a curious fact. For some months I have been suffering from Eczema; it has been slowly healing ever since the first week, and now every place is as healthy as a child's skin. (Mrs.) "G. D.—"

An Oxfordshire Surgeon writes: "I am trying it ('Antipon') in a serious case of a man weighing 16 stone, short, and with heart affection. He already has lost three stone."

"HAMPTON.
"I have been taking 'Antipon' with the best results. I must have been quite 12st. if not more; now I am 10st. 8lb., just a pound less than my normal weight. As a tonic I consider 'Antipon' unrivalled, for I have been in better health than for some years past. I shall certainly recommend it to anyone who needs such a remedy. (Mrs.) "G. F.—"

"SWALLOWHURST, Nr. SHEFFIELD.
"I never felt better in my life than while taking 'Antipon.' I have already recommended it to others. (Mrs.) "J. P.—"

"As to the effect of your 'Antipon,' I am glad to say that since I began to take it I am reduced 24lb. "H. J. A. R.—"

"GRIMSBY.
"Having taken one bottle and commenced the second one, I write to inform you that I feel much better, especially my breathing, and I am losing flesh. (Miss) "A. B.—"

"BOURNEMOUTH.
"I have taken two bottles of 'Antipon' and am a stone lighter than when I commenced taking it. (Mrs.) "F. R.—"

"HOVERINGHAM.
"I am very pleased to say that with the first bottle I reduced eight pounds. "G. C.—"

"ANTIPON" IN INDIA.

The testimony which has already been published in the Press and elsewhere is of a sufficiently remarkable character; but the letter recently received from an Anglo-Indian lady, and filed for reference by the "Antipon" Company, eclipses all previous records in the matter of radical fat-reduction:

"Feb. 22, 1904.

"The Manager, Army & Navy Stores, Bombay.
"Dear Sir,—Please send me a large bottle of 'Antipon.' When I started 'Antipon' I was 148lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (61lb.), for I only weigh 87lb. I now can take four-mile walks with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is the power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is quite tightened, and not flaccid in the least. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have no fear of eating anything, and I have never restricted myself in any form of diet. (Mrs.) "F. M. B.—"

Warm Praise from the Press.

Illustrated London News.
"'Antipon' not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

The Lady's Pictorial.
"To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful new fat absorbent known as 'Antipon' performs this work promptly, safely, and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil; the cure is complete and permanent."

The Sketch.
"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News.

"'Antipon' to which warm praise has been given by medical authorities, reduces flesh—or, rather, fat—from the very first dose, and has a general tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system, so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier and stronger in muscle and nerve. 'Antipon' may be regarded as a very beneficial discovery."

Methodist Recorder.

"It is satisfactory to know that the new cure, 'Antipon,' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

Penny Illustrated Paper.

"In 'Antipon,' the great new permanent cure for corpulence, the world is made richer by a marvellous discovery."

Weldon's Ladies' Journal.

"Readers troubled with embonpoint will find in 'Antipon' a reliable and permanent cure, exceedingly pleasant to take without incurring any distressing restrictions as to diet."

Woman.

"A marvellously efficacious remedy for the permanent eradication of obesity. Apart from the permanently reductive results achieved by 'Antipon,' the tonic effects are amazing."

Lady's Realm.

"It will prove a lasting blessing to thousands."

Young Ladies' Journal.

"We unhesitatingly commend to the notice of our stout friends the marvellous new specific, giving back elasticity and grace of movement."

Sheffield Independent.

"'Antipon' bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned."

Bristol Daily Mercury.

"First of all, it ('Antipon') is unmistakably a permanent—a radical—cure for the disease. Secondly, it is agreeable to take, perfectly harmless. 'Antipon' is a remedy in itself, and needs no assistance."

Eastern Morning News.

"Best of all perhaps, the cure is permanent."

SALVATION FOR THE STOUT.

Excerpted from "Aldershot News," July 16th, 1904.

There are many women of forty or more to whom life is a positive misery, because, notwithstanding the strictest dietary limitations, gymnastics, massage, and the rest of it, the once dainty figure is blossoming into conspicuous embonpoint, and the clear complexion of youth is either sallowing or heightening to ruder tints of ruddiness. The more prosaic man is sometimes in a lesser degree distressed by a too pronounced development in the abdominal region. We can assure these sufferers that there is now no reason to be unduly alarmed; for a comparatively short course of "Antipon" will effect all that is desired, not only in permanently reducing the figure to normal symmetry of line, but it will tone up the entire system, restore strength and vitality, and bring back the hue of health to the cheek. Moreover, it will increase appetite, and help the digestive organs to perform their duty without discomfort. "Antipon" means less fat and more muscle; richer, purer blood; greater physical and mental energy; the alertness and vigour of youth. We cordially recommend a course of this wonderful medicine to our corpulent readers of either sex. It is a pleasant liquid of wholly harmless herbal ingredients; can be taken in the strictest privacy; involves nothing disagreeably restrictive, and never fails in its beneficial effects. From 8ozs. to 3lb. is the amount of decrease within the first day and night, and the loss of weight is steady and satisfactory until the perfect and permanent cure of the obese condition. "Antipon" is positive salvation for the stout. This invaluable remedy is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. each. It should be obtained (on remitting amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, the "Antipon" Company, 13 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

•• Many other equally laudatory notices have appeared in leading newspapers and periodicals.

From all Chemists &c. Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

Antipon

PERMANENTLY CURES OBESITY

PERMANENTLY CURES—CORPULENCE AND RENEWS—STRENGTH & VITALITY.

Successful in Every Case.

Our readers who have an unfortunate tendency to "put on flesh" will, we feel sure, be interested to know that the promise held out by "Antipon" has been amply fulfilled, its enormous success being undoubted. In a word, it has absolutely superseded all the old-time methods of reducing weight. Indeed, this admirable preparation is the very opposite of those physically-wasting remedies which, though they may bring down the weight for a time, too often seriously undermine the constitution. "Antipon" is tonic and invigorating, and gives renewed activity to the vital organs too long impeded by internal fatty deposits. It promotes a healthy, natural appetite for generous foods, and assists the functions of digestion and assimilation. It also frees the action of the skin and kidneys, thereby eliminating from the system much matter that would otherwise form a deposit of fat. Briefly, while the superabundant adipose is being expelled the whole organism is being gradually reformed, muscular tissue formed, and the blood purified and enriched, with untold benefit to the general health.

"Antipon" acts very promptly. Within a day and a night of the first doses the fat thrown off will amount to something between 8oz. and 2lb. in ordinary cases. The reduction day by day is then steadily progressive, and the stated doses of the medicine may be dropped as soon as normal weight and elegant proportions are restored. There need be no further anxiety; the medicine has destroyed the root-evil. "Antipon" is a harmless liquid with a pleasantly bitter flavour, and contains nothing of a mineral or otherwise objectionable nature. It does not require help. That is to say, there is no necessity for any irksome restrictions as to food and drink, nor for any wearying and enfeebling exercises.

"ANTIPON" can be had of Chemists, Stores &c. price 2s. 6d. & 4s. 6d. per bottle or should any difficulty arise may be obtained (on remitting cash remittance) post free under private package, direct from the Manufacturers, THE ANTIPON CO. 13 BUCKINGHAM ST. STRAND, LONDON. Telegraphic Address: "CORPULENCE, LONDON."

ACTS AS A WONDERFUL TONIC ON THE ENTIRE SYSTEM.

The Sheffield Independent says "ANTIPON" is a preparation which bids fair to revolutionise medical science.

Penny Illustrated Paper says "IN 'ANTIPON' The world is made richer by a marvellous discovery."

BY the General Consent of all Competent Authorities "Antipon" replaces once and for all, the Drastic and Dangerous Methods of Reducing Obesity which have wrought so much evil in earlier days.

"Antipon" Strengthens the Constitution and Increases Muscular Development whilst Permanently Reducing Weight by Absorbing and Eliminating all Diseased and Superfluous Fatty Deposits, harmlessly, and without the slightest physical Discomfort.

I Romp Across Europe.



Mr. P. Double-you Finishes his Experiences on the Soil of Italy.

I TOOK passage from Fiume to Ancona in Italy. I bought a first-class ticket, not out of any purse-pride, but because it only cost six crowns (4s. 6d.), which is cheap considering you travel for twelve hours and cross the Adriatic. I looked at the saloons, and with a sort of inborn instinct found the best of them amidships, and seated myself at table for supper. It was the best furnished on the boat so, I told myself, it certainly must be first-class. Before I had been there long, a steward came down upon me, and said:

"It is forbidden to first-class here."

"But," I replied, "I am a first-class passenger."

"Ja," he replied, "but this is *luxe*."

I didn't know what "*luxe*" meant, so stared at him. Then mustering up a wealth of German, I poured this at him:

"Aber, erste klasse ist erste klasse" (but first-class is first-class).

"Ja," he jerked again, but this is "*luxe*."

I said that weighty German sentence of mine again, but it had no effect. He would keep on saying "*luxe*," and only when the rest of the ship's company had been brought upon the scene did I retire.

FIRST-CLASS IS WORST CLASS.

It appeared that "first-class" on a Hungarian boat is the poorest, not the best, accommodation, and that to travel in style I should have paid eight crowns, and gone "*luxe*," or in luxury. As it was, I was a sort of steerage passenger on the boat. And then I remembered at Fiume that several workmen and fishwives had booked themselves "first-class" tickets!

For the sake of the extra comfort, and as there was only two crowns difference, I thought I'd transfer myself to the *luxe*. This I did.

Italian customs are the most rigorous of all. At Ancona, they searched my baggage as carefully as the Turks, but with less winking. I was not allowed to take any cigarettes, or cigars, even for my journey.

The Italian cigarette is a Government monopoly, and it is packed in a little white-yellow paper packet, and it is strong and uninteresting. As for cigars, the Italian puts himself in the rearward of a sinister-looking stalk about nine inches long—which tastes like the spirit of evil—and tells you, "It is very good, eh?"

I ARRIVE AT ROME.

I arrived just in time to see the Rome express steam out. The authorities manage to elude steamship passengers with diabolical skill. I was informed that I could either wait twelve hours for the next train, or take the omnibus.

Now, I positively bar sitting in an omnibus, in any case, for about 183 miles, but to 'bus it to Rome, to the Eternal City, seemed sacrilegious, so I declined.

I was appeased, however, when I learnt that "omnibus" in Italy means an ordinary train—a sort of cattle-truck arrangement—which stops at every station, whereas an express skips one or two, and stops between.

The express took exactly seven hours to perform the 183 miles. I was not really half so excited as I should have been when I heard a voice say:

"Roma, signor, Roma."

I positively yawned, and said, "Oh." If anybody had forecasted that I should yawn on reaching Rome, I should have smitten them. But it is remarkable how little one realises the gravity of things when on the spot.

I SEE THE COLISEUM.

To me, Rome seemed a place where there are about a hundred different offices for disposing of your baggage, and where every passenger has to use about six porters.

I walked out of Rome Station, and found myself in an open square. Having walked well away from a legion of guides and interpreters, and got into a side street, I stopped a lady, and said:

"Madame, I would wish to see the Coliseum."

"Then, signor, you should walk on until you see it," she answered. "There is no special way."

I walked on, and I saw it. So I went towards it.

Now, it is an extraordinary thing, that so well-built a city as Rome should allow such disgracefully tumble-down structures in it as this so-called Coliseum. As far as I could judge, the place is the recognised dwelling of the city's beggars, picture post-card dealers, and relic merchants.

It is a building built in a circle, very high, and it simply hasn't a window to bless itself with. It is in disgraceful repair and the poor beggars and others must be in constant danger of colds from draughts coming through the dilapidated walls. Inside the Coliseum the ground is most uneven.

London is not a very progressive city, but I venture

to say that no county council would tolerate for a moment such a dilapidated mass of stonework as this Coliseum. The Housing Committee would have been on it ages ago, and would have rebuilt it in serviceable and healthy red brick.

I walked from the Coliseum along a place called the Forum Romanum. This seems to be a very large, stone quarry, no longer in working order. Masses of masonry are strewn here and there, and the roads through the Forum are in a state which would break a motorist's heart, so uneven are they.

There are, too, numerous caverns, and clefts into which the unsuspecting foot might fall, with dangerous consequences. Really, the Cyclists' Touring Club should see that the roads in this part of Rome are properly asphalted, or wood-paved.

The wall, however, which separates the Forum from the upper town is in admirable repair, and must be quite new—perhaps, only about a hundred years old. I stood and gazed at this astonishingly modern wall for a long time—its newness amazed me.

There was some excitement when I ascended and came into the city. A crowd was hurrying round street corners, with tense, eager expressions. Needless to say, I followed. When I had broken my way through a mass of people, note-book in hand, I saw the cause of the excitement.

I SEE ST. PETER'S.

Standing in the middle of a square was an organ-grinder, playing a tune. It was, I was assured by a Roman citizen, an unusual, in fact, an unparalleled, sight in Rome, or in any other part of Italy.

I exchanged a few words with the organ-grinder. He quite agreed that it was unusual for an organ-grinder to play in Italy, or in any other country save Britain. He knew Britain quite well. He had come from Hatton Garden. He was only in Rome by accident, and would soon return to his dear old England again.

I trammed it to St. Peter's. Inappropriate, certainly, but Rome is well provided with these vehicles, and somehow, they don't seem out of place.

I experienced what is, I believe, the correct sensation on first observing this, the biggest church in Christendom. I was disappointed.

I seemed, from the tram-top, to be looking on a long, low building, with a very squat dome, not by any means as imposing as St. Paul's Cathedral. Then I began to move towards the central door. I walked, and I walked.

Curiously enough, the more I walked, the further away I seemed from the church. Then it began to suddenly dawn upon me that St. Peter's is a great deal larger than it looks. The colonnade which forms a semi-circle in front of it is much higher, and much wider than the eye imagines. As for the church itself, it overwhelms you with its vastness.

NO SUBURBS TO ROME.

Next door to St. Peter's, standing on a high hill, strongly shut off from curious eyes, is the Vatican.

Just as one is beginning to get a good walk on in Rome, one suddenly comes to the end of the city, and finds oneself out in open country. It is a very small city, for its greatness, and has no suburbs. Perhaps this is well. A suburb of Rome is unthinkable. The streets round St. Peter's are quite straight, and meet at right angles; they are very full of beggars and fruit sellers.

The Roman women are tall, large, and stately. The Roman men are inclined towards bad manners. The streets of Rome are narrow, but elegant. Italian streets, generally, have not the same life as those of other continental cities.

I saw the Eternal City from Monte Pincio, and what I saw struck me as distinctly eternal. That is to say, it would take me the rest of my life to understand it. I sadly gave it up, and came down from the garden, which stands on the top of the Mount, in a lift. These modern contrivances strike one harshly in Rome—electric trams, lifts down hill-sides, tunnels under roads, through which bicycles rowdily rush at night-time.

I SEE NAPLES.

And having thus mused on Rome—an absurdly inadequate muse for such a subject—I trained to Naples.

There the cab question perplexed me. One man recommended one cab, another favoured a different one. I stood in the middle, with luggage upon my wrists. Italian cabbies wrangle very like two characters in an Italian opera, in the murder scene. There is the recitative part of it, and then the air, and the whole thing is worked up into a paroxysm until dramatically stopped by a policeman.

I drove down to the Bay. It has been called blue, and it is blue. Vesuvius loomed down on it—it went on looming in fact, just as it did before I got there—and threw out puffs of smoke and jets of flame. There is a softness in the air—just like there always was—and the white buildings are very white, and with the green of the groves, stand out beautifully between blue water and blue sky.

I understood quite well what the gentleman meant when he said, "See Naples and die."

Whether or not my frame was conveyed back to Britain is a detail of baggage transport with which I need not bother you. Anyway, to use the dialect most in vogue in Naples during the summer season, I guess my spirit's there right now.

WHAT CLEVER MEN AND WOMEN ARE SAYING.

Bright Paragraphs Written by Bright People.

RECKLESS early marriages are the curse of poverty-land.—George R. Sims.

A WOMAN does not wear the gift of a man she dislikes.—Lady Violet Greville.

MOST women have all other women as adversaries; most men have all other men as their allies.—Gillett Burgess.

EACH of us is born into a world full of duties and responsibilities which we can only discharge by the strenuous and unremitting use of every waking hour.—H. T. Stead.

WHAT the British playgoer wants when he goes to the play is pleasure—only pleasure. Whether he takes it sadly or merrily, with farce or with tragedy—only pleasure.—Arthur Boucher.

Few women in these days can or do live sheltered lives. It is a battle for most of them, and the best they can do is to get to learn the terms on which it is fought.—H. B. Marriott-Watson.

Man's Good Sense.

A WOMAN will self-deny herself off the face of the earth to save a few pence, which a man will have the good sense to spend on himself to keep up his strength, for work, of course.—Sarah Grand.

Charm of Poverty.

POVERTY adds a thousand charms to love. If there is more than enough for all one never knows the pleasure of choosing the nastiest piece of bacon when there are only two on the dish and love sits opposite.—Hubert Henry Davies.

Knowledge Should be Increased.

I AM not a Pole hunter, and I do not believe in urging men on until they drop, in order to get a little further than somebody else, but I do believe in any effort to get to know the unknown world, and thus to add to the wealth of human knowledge.—A. B. Bruce (Leader of the Scottish Antarctic Expedition).

Why Babies Look Old.

WHEN we think of the physical martyrdom the babies go through in the way of dress, and of the mental torture they must endure when they observe how thoroughly and hopelessly they are always misunderstood, can we wonder at the look of age and care that settles so early on their infant brows?—Marie Corelli.

Be Careful When Making a Home.

MOST of us are careful when we make our wills; we should be far more careful where we make our homes. To the sensitive man or woman place means very much. It affects the health of the body. It considerably transforms the mind, changing greatly the outlook on life. It even plays tricks with that very delicate piece of mechanism, the heart.—Robert Hichens.

Soldiers Better Nowadays.

THE period of the drunken, dissolute, and improvident soldier is past, it can never come back. The modern soldier is steady, self-respecting, painstaking, and clean-minded. He takes trouble with himself. He is anxious to get on. He is provident and ambitious. The change in the private soldier of late years is extraordinary; and, mark you, far from having lost any of the dash and spirit of his more dissolute predecessors, he is a keener and more efficient fighting man, and just as brave.—Earl Roberts.

Impressions With a Bad Influence.

IT is not for the good of the nation at large that impressions should be given of either the upper or lower classes as is done to-day. It is not good for the upper classes that they should be led to believe that all working men are drunkards, that all working people are lazy and thriftless, that all working people are foul-mouthed. And it is certainly even less good that the working classes should be led to imagine that because men and women are born noble or move in the same sphere as the nobility, they must necessarily be vicious.—John Strange Winter.

What Fairy Tales Teach Us.

THE fairy tales are the only true accounts that man has ever given of his destiny. "Jack the Giant Killer" is the embodiment of the first of the three great paradoxes by which men live. It is the paradox of Courage: the paradox which says, "You must defy the thing that is terrifying: unless you are frightened you are not brave." "Cinderella" is the embodiment of the second of the paradoxes by which men live: the paradox of Humility, which says, "Look for the best in the thing ignorant of its merit; he that abases himself shall be exalted." And "Beauty and the Beast" is the embodiment of the third of the paradoxes by which men live: the paradox of Faith—the absolutely necessary and wildly unreasonable maxim which says to every mother with a child or to every patriot with a country, "You must love the thing first and make it lovable afterwards." These tales are far truer than the rhinoceros at the Zoo—for you know what these mean. And you can guess what the rhinoceros means!—G. K. Chesterton.

SOMETHING VERY PRETTY

FOR ALL WHO
SEND FOR OUR



1s. Christmas Cards AND SEASONABLE Novelties. 1s.
Don't miss this. Never before has such a Shilling's worth been offered. Nothing prettier or better could be wished for.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

YOU GET THE WHOLE OF THE FOLLOWING SPLENDID NEW ASSORTMENT.

A most charming selection of **TWENTY CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS**, all in beautiful folding and uncoloured designs. Published value, 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Among the Novelties will be found—
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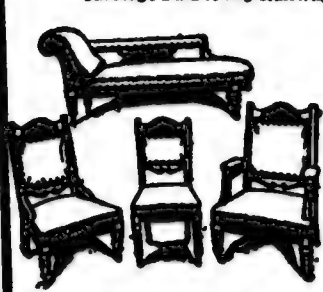
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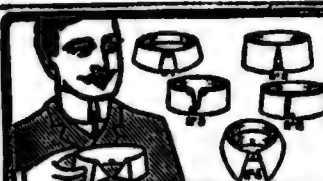
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A prominent specialist in the cure of Rupture has written a book on the subject, and tells how hundreds of sufferers have cured themselves at home at a slight expense. The book has been published for free distribution and should be obtained at once. It is written by **W. S. Rice, Rupture Specialist (Dept. 1884), 8 & 9 Stone-cutter St., London, E.C.,** and by simply sending your name he will send you a copy free of all cost. The portrait given here is that of **Mr. William Harding, Foresters Arms, Bagshot, Surrey,** who was cured at the age of 74 by Rice's method. Mr. Harding says: "I am pleased to say I am cured of my rupture, and I have not worn my truss since last August. I have had a very severe cough over since I suffered from influenza three years ago, and though it still continues it does not affect my cure. I feel as strong as I ever was in my life." Readers are requested to write at once for this free book. No matter if you are wearing some form of truss that affords some relief, send at once and learn how ruptures have been cured at home without danger or delay from work. This book contains advice that may save your life. If you write at once before this remarkable free offer is withdrawn, he will also send you a free sample of his method which has cured thousands of ruptures. Now is your opportunity.

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I Romp Across Europe.



Mr. P. Double-you Finishes his Experiences on the Soil of Italy.

I TOOK passage from Fiume to Ancona in Italy. I bought a first-class ticket, not out of any purse-pride, but because it only cost six crowns (4s. 6d.), which is cheap considering you travel for twelve hours and cross the Adriatic. I looked at the saloons, and with a sort of inborn instinct found the best of them amidships, and seated myself at table for supper. It was the best furnished on the boat so, I told myself, it certainly must be first-class. Before I had been there long, a steward came down upon me, and said:

"It is forbidden to first-class here."

"But," I replied, "I am a first-class passenger."

"Ja," he replied, "but this is *luxes*."

I didn't know what "*luxes*" meant, so stared at him. Then mustering up a wealth of German, I poured this at him:

"Aber, erste klasse ist erste klasse" (but first-class is first-class).

"Ja," he jerked again, but this is "*luxes*."

I said that weighty German sentence of mine again, but it had no effect. He would keep on saying "*luxes*," and only when the rest of the ship's company had been brought upon the scene did I retire.

FIRST-CLASS IS WORST CLASS.

It appeared that "first-class" on a Hungarian boat is the poorest, not the best, accommodation, and that to travel in style I should have paid eight crowns, and gone "*luxes*," or in luxury. As it was, I was a sort of steerage passenger on the boat. And then I remembered at Fiume that several workmen and fishwives had booked themselves "first-class" tickets!

For the sake of the extra comfort, and as there was only two crowns difference, I thought I'd transfer myself to the *luxes*. This I did.

Italian customs are the most rigorous of all. At Ancona, they searched my baggage as carefully as the Turks, but with less winking. I was not allowed to take any cigarettes, or cigars, even for my journey.

The Italian cigarette is a Government monopoly, and it is packed in a little white-yellow paper packet, and it is strong and uninteresting. As for cigars, the Italian puts himself in the rearguard of a sinister-looking stalk about nine inches long—which tastes like the spirit of evil—and tells you, "It is very good, eh?"

I ARRIVE AT ROME.

I arrived just in time to see the Rome express steam out. The authorities manage to elude steamship passengers with diabolical skill. I was informed that I could either wait twelve hours for the next train, or take the omnibus.

Now, I positively bar sitting in an omnibus, in any case, for about 183 miles, but to 'bus it to Rome, to the Eternal City, seemed sacrilegious, so I declined.

I was appeased, however, when I learnt that "omnibus" in Italy means an ordinary train—a sort of cattle-truck arrangement—which stops at every station, whereas an express skips one or two, and stops between.

The express took exactly seven hours to perform the 183 miles. I was not really half so excited as I should have been when I heard a voice say:

"Roma, signor, Roma."

I positively yawned, and said, "Oh." If anybody had foretold that I should yawn on reaching Rome, I should have smitten them. But it is remarkable how little one realises the gravity of things when on the spot.

I SEE THE COLISEUM.

To me, Rome seemed a place where there are about a hundred different offices for disposing of your baggage, and where every passenger has to use about six porters.

I walked out of Rome Station, and found myself in an open square. Having walked well away from a legion of guides and interpreters, and got into a side street, I stopped a lady, and said:

"Madame, I would wish to see the Coliseum."

"Then, signor, you should walk on until you see it," she answered. "There is no special way."

I walked on, and I saw it. So I went towards it.

Now, it is an extraordinary thing, that so well-built a city as Rome should allow such disgracefully tumble-down structures in it as this so-called Coliseum. As far as I could judge, the place is the recognised dwelling of the city's beggars, picture post-card dealers, and relic merchants.

It is a building built in a circle, very high, and it simply hasn't a window to bless itself with. It is in disgraceful repair and the poor beggars and others must be in constant danger of colds from draughts coming through the dilapidated walls. Inside the Coliseum the grown is most uneven.

London is not a very progressive city, but I venture

to say that no county council would tolerate for a moment such a dilapidated mass of stonework as this Coliseum. The Housing Committee would have been on it ages ago, and would have rebuilt it in serviceable and healthy red brick.

I walked from the Coliseum along a place called the Forum Romanum. This seems to be a very large, stone quarry, no longer in working order. Masses of masonry are strewn here and there, and the roads through the Forum are in a state which would break a motorist's heart, so uneven are they.

There are, too, numerous caverns, and clefts into which the unsuspecting foot might fall, with dangerous consequences. Really, the Cyclists' Touring Club should see that the roads in this part of Rome are properly asphalted, or wood-paved.

The wall, however, which separates the Forum from the upper town is in admirable repair, and must be quite new—perhaps, only about a hundred years old. I stood and gazed at this astonishingly modern wall for a long time—its newness amazed me.

There was some excitement when I ascended and came into the city. A crowd was hurrying round street corners, with tense, eager expressions. Needless to say, I followed. When I had broken my way through a mass of people, note-book in hand, I saw the cause of the excitement.

I SEE ST. PETER'S.

Standing in the middle of a square was an organ-grinder, playing a tune. It was, I was assured by a Roman citizen, an unusual, in fact, an unparalleled, sight in Rome, or in any other part of Italy.

I exchanged a few words with the organ-grinder. He quite agreed that it was unusual for an organ-grinder to play in Italy, or in any other country save Britain. He knew Britain quite well. He had come from Hatton Garden. He was only in Rome by accident, and would soon return to his dear old England again.

I tramped it to St. Peter's. Inappropriate, certainly, but Rome is well provided with these vehicles, and somehow, they don't seem out of place.

I experienced what is, I believe, the correct sensation on first observing this, the biggest church in Christendom. I was disappointed.

I seemed, from the tram-top, to be looking on a long, low building, with a very squat dome, not by any means as imposing as St. Paul's Cathedral. Then I began to move towards the central door. I walked, and I walked.

Curiously enough, the more I walked, the further away I seemed from the church. Then it began to suddenly dawn upon me that St. Peter's is a great deal larger than it looks. The colonnade which forms a semi-circle in front of it is much higher, and much wider than the eye imagines. As for the church itself, it overwhelms you with its vastness.

NO SUBURBS TO ROME.

Next door to St. Peter's, standing on a high hill, strongly shut off from curious eyes, is the Vatican.

Just as one is beginning to get a good walk on in Rome, one suddenly comes to the end of the city, and finds oneself out in open country. It is a very small city, for its greatness, and has no suburbs. Perhaps this is well. A suburb of Rome is unthinkable. The streets round St. Peter's are quite straight, and meet at right angles; they are very full of beggars and fruit sellers.

The Roman women are tall, large, and stately. The Roman men are inclined towards bad manners. The streets of Rome are narrow, but elegant. Italian streets, generally, have not the same life as those of other continental cities.

I saw the Eternal City from Monte Pincio, and what I saw struck me as distinctly eternal. That is to say, it would take me the rest of my life to understand it. I sadly gave it up, and came down from the garden, which stands on the top of the Mount, in a lift. These modern contrivances strike one harshly in Rome—electric trams, lifts down hillsides, tunnels under roads, through which bicycles rowdily rush at night-time.

I SEE NAPLES.

And having thus mused on Rome—an absurdly inadequate muse for such a subject—I trained to Naples.

There the cab question perplexed me. One man recommended one cab, another favoured a different one. I stood in the middle, with luggage upon my wrists. Italian cabbies wrangle very like two characters in an Italian opera, in the murder scene. There is the recitative part of it, and then the air, and the whole thing is worked up into a paroxysm until dramatically stopped by a policeman.

I drove down to the Bay. It has been called blue, and it is blue. Vesuvius loomed down on it—it went on looming in fact, just as it did before I got there—and threw out puffs of smoke and jets of flame. There is a softness in the air—just like there always was—and the white buildings are very white, and with the green of the groves, stand out beautifully between blue water and blue sky.

I understood quite well what the gentleman meant when he said, "See Naples and die."

Whether or not my frame was conveyed back to Britain is a detail of baggage transport with which I need not bother you. Anyway, to use the dialect most in vogue in Naples during the summer season. I guess my spirit's there right now.

WHAT CLEVER MEN AND WOMEN ARE SAYING.

Bright Paragraphs Written by Bright People.

RECKLESS early marriages are the curse of poverty-land.—George R. Sims.

A WOMAN does not wear the gift of a man she dislikes.—Lady Violet Greville.

MOST women have all other women as adversaries; most men have all other men as their allies.—Gelett Burgess.

EACH of us is born into a world full of duties and responsibilities which we can only discharge by the strenuous and unremitting use of every waking hour.—W. T. Stead.

WHAT the British playgoer wants when he goes to the play is pleasure—only pleasure. Whether he takes it sadly or merrily, with farce or with tragedy—only pleasure.—Arthur Boucher.

Few women in these days can or do live sheltered lives. It is a battle for most of them, and the best they can do is to get to learn the terms on which it is fought.—H. B. Marriott-Watson.

Man's Good Sense.

A WOMAN will self-deny herself off the face of the earth to save a few pence, which a man will have the good sense to spend on himself to keep up his strength, for work, of course.—Sarah Grand.

Charm of Poverty.

POVERTY adds a thousand charms to love. If there is more than enough for all one never knows the pleasure of choosing the nastiest piece of bacon when there are only two on the dish and love sits opposite.—Hubert Henry Davies.

Knowledge Should be Increased.

I AM not a Pole hunter, and I do not believe in urging men on until they drop, in order to get a little further than somebody else, but I do believe in any effort to get to know the unknown world, and thus to add to the wealth of human knowledge.—A. B. Bruce (Leader of the Scottish Antarctic Expedition).

Why Babies Look Old.

WHEN we think of the physical martyrdom the babies go through in the way of dress, and of the mental torture they must endure when they observe how thoroughly and hopelessly they are always misunderstood, can we wonder at the look of age and care that settles so early on their infant brows?—Marie Corelli.

Be Careful When Making a Home.

MOST of us are careful when we make our wills; we should be far more careful where we make our homes. To the sensitive man or woman place means very much. It affects the health of the body. It considerably transforms the mind, changing greatly the outlook on life. It even plays tricks with that very delicate piece of mechanism, the heart.—Robert Hichens.

Soldiers Better Nowadays.

THE period of the drunken, dissolute, and improvident soldier is past, it can never come back. The modern soldier is steady, self-respecting, painstaking, and clean-minded. He takes trouble with himself. He is anxious to get on. He is provident and ambitious. The change in the private soldier of late years is extraordinary; and, mark you, far from having lost any of the dash and spirit of his more dissolute predecessors, he is a keener and more efficient fighting man, and just as brave.—Earl Roberts.

Impressions With a Bad Influence.

IT is not for the good of the nation at large that impressions should be given of either the upper or lower classes as is done to-day. It is not good for the upper classes that they should be led to believe that all working men are drunkards, that all working people are lazy and thriftless, that all working people are foul-mouthed. And it is certainly even less good that the working classes should be led to imagine that because men and women are born noble or move in the same sphere as the nobility, they must necessarily be vicious.—John Strange Winter.

What Fairy Tales Teach Us.

THE fairy tales are the only true accounts that man has ever given of his destiny. "Jack the Giant Killer" is the embodiment of the first of the three great paradoxes by which men live. It is the paradox of Courage: the paradox which says, "You must defy the thing that is terrifying: unless you are frightened you are not brave." "Cinderella" is the embodiment of the second of the paradoxes by which men live: the paradox of Humility, which says, "Look for the best in the thing ignorant of its merit; he that abases himself shall be exalted." And "Beauty and the Beast," is the embodiment of the third of the paradoxes by which men live: the paradox of Faith—the absolutely necessary and wildly unreasonable maxim which says to every mother with a child or to every patriot with a country, "You must love the thing first and make it lovable afterwards." These tales are far truer than the rhinoceros at the Zoo—for you know what these mean. And you can guess what the rhinoceros means!—G. K. Chesterton.

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1s. Christmas Cards AND SEASONABLE Novelties. 1s.
Don't miss this. Never before has such a Shilling-worth been offered. Nothing prettier or better could be wished for.

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A most charming selection of **TWENTY CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS**, all new beautiful looking and enhanced designs. Published value, 2s. 3d., and 4s. 6d. Among the Novelties will be found—
THE ANGEL OF HOPE. Very pretty. Pocket, shaped with leather, and finished with silk cord and tassels.
A CHARMING ONE PENDANT. Floral design. The new fantastically shaped card.
A BEAUTIFUL GREETING. Hand extended offering Every Good Wish.
FROM FAIRYLAND. Pretty to the eye. Card, with glittering heart and birds on the wing.
SLIPPERY SWITCHBACK. Very funny ice carnival. Charming sport.
In all Twenty Presents—a fascinating assortment that if bought in the ordinary way, would cost at least Five Shillings.

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CHAPTERS ONE TO FOUR.

A CARRIAGE and pair is drawn up before Kenford House. A small crowd has gathered to see the Countess emerge, for she is renowned as the most beautiful woman in London.

The doors open, but, instead of the Countess, the butler appears and tells the footman that her ladyship will not drive to-day.

Inside the great mansion the Countess of Kenford is seated in her boudoir, her face in her hands. Before her lies an open letter.

Suddenly she rises and starts to tear at the filmy lace about her throat.

"I must do something—at once—to stop it—before it is too late!" She speaks aloud in staccato fashion. "I must go and see him! But how, and when? Oh, it's terrible for me! I'm surrounded, as it were, by spies! What—what can I do without my servants noticing it—without it becoming known? I've said I'm ill; I've sent a message to say that I can't go to the bazaar, so how can I go out—in the face of that message? Darn—darn I wait till evening? I might slip out then."

The Earl of Kenford wishes his wife to accompany him to a political reception in the evening, but on the plea of ill-health she refuses. He goes without her.

A quarter of an hour later there creeps from Kenford House a black-gowned woman, her features shrouded in a thick veil, a shawl round about her throat and across her mouth, in spite of the balmy evening. Few would have recognised Lady Kenford in that disguise. Casting furtive glances from side to side, she hurries down the street until she sees an empty hansom. Hailing it, she bids the driver in an agitated whisper, whose import he could with difficulty gather, drive to Alport Street, Brixton, as quickly as possible.

"I will give you double, treble your fare," she tells him hoarsely, "only—only lose no time. It is a matter of life and death!"

"Ere you are, an' we've done it in record time," observes the cabman complacently, whilst Evelyn hurriedly pays him. The door is opened slowly, in response to Evelyn's knock, by a clergyman.

"Do you wish to see me?" he asks.

"No, I—I have come to see Mr. Danby," Evelyn says.

"He is very ill—I believe dying."

"He is ill, but in no danger," answers the clergyman.

"I'll show you his room. He was expecting a visitor."

Lady Kenford accompanies him, and enters the room indicated.

There is no more need for disguise now, and Evelyn flings back her veil and loosens the shawl from about her throat. By the light of the ill-trimmed lamp standing upon the deal table she looks, in spite of the deadly pallor, in spite of the terror in her widely-dilated eyes, a woman of imperial beauty. The man lying upon the couch, drawn near the window to catch every breath of air, gazes at her fixedly. He, too, is handsome, but the wreck of what had once been a splendid specimen of humanity.

"So you're come, Evelyn," he says quietly. "Ah, I thought my letter would bring you! Didn't you think it was kind of me and thoughtful not to come myself to see you? Won't you sit down?"

"No," she answers curtly. "Tell me—how you found out? I thought you were dead; it—it nearly killed me to discover that you were alive!"

"And that you could be had up for bigamy," he supplements lazily, shifting his position so as to command a better view of her. "I assure you, Evelyn, I had also imagined you to be dead, and it was a shock to see you driving in the Park, the most beautiful woman in a crowd where to be plain was to be remarkable. I asked someone who you were, and they told me. The Countess of Kenford, daughter-in-law of the Marquis of Inchhampton. Ah, Evelyn, you know I could tumble your castle about your ears, but I will not, provided you give me money. Think of your son."

"Not a penny shall you have from me," Lady Kenford says. "I defy you to do your worst!"

For reply Danby raises his clenched fist and strikes her full upon her pale, proud face.

No one sees her leave the house, but when Danby's niece Christabel, who lives with him, returns from work she goes upstairs with the clergyman, Maurice St. Aubyn—who lodges in the house—to see her uncle.

They find him dead, with a gaping wound in his breast. Between his fingers he grips a piece of black cloth.

The Countess of Kenford has a visitor in the person of Mrs. Capel, cousin of the Marquis of Inchhampton. Mrs. Capel is curious to know how Lady Kenford came by the bruise on her face, and suggests that it was caused by her husband. Lady Kenford says it was occasioned by a fall.

Just then Lord Kenford enters the room. He has news. "It is really a most absurd and annoying thing," he observes, "in fact it seems to me far-fetched to a quite extraordinary degree, but—there was a murder committed in Brixton the night before last—a man was killed, and—the police are here to arrest Masson, your maid, on the charge of having killed him."

CHAPTER FIVE.

Closer and Closer Floats the Thunder-cloud.

LORD KENFORD pronounced the last words with great reluctance. What effect, he wondered anxiously, might they not have upon his wife? It must be a terrible shock to her to hear that a trusted and faithful attendant had been arrested for the most terrible of all crimes. How, Alsager asked himself, would Evelyn bear the news? The Earl thought more of the possible harm that might accrue to Evelyn from the shock than of poor Masson, whom he had left in the library, sobbing wildly, and distractedly proclaiming her innocence, with two impassive detectives mounting guard over her.

For a moment Lady Kenford scarcely grasped the meaning of her husband's words, then, as the awful truth dawned upon her, she started up with a convulsive cry.

"No, no, Alsager! It can't be! It's impossible!" she cried hoarsely. "Why"—she broke into a quivering laugh—"it's too ridiculous for words! Masson, my maid, kill a man! I've had her for years; she is one of the best, most faithful souls living! Accuse her of murder! Oh, I never heard anything to equal that. Go down and say that it is absurd, Alsager; that, of course, they can't arrest her. My poor Masson, what an idea!"

"It's all very well to believe implicitly in people," said Mrs. Capel sharply, "but, after all, you don't know what Masson's career may have been before she came to you, Evelyn. She may have that in it which she wished to hide from you. How many people have something in their lives they would die rather than allow others to become aware of? Perhaps Masson was threatened with discovery, and, in her desperation, killed the man who threatened her."

It was a bolt shot at random, but it went home. Lady Kenford staggered back, catching at her husband's arm for support; stamped upon her beautiful features was a look of awful fear. She stood frozen with horror!

"Anne—shouldn't say such things!" she muttered faintly. "Alsager, it's—it's horrible of her!"

"Well, it's a fact; we all, I suppose, have something to conceal, some little thing to keep from the light of day," retorted Mrs. Capel, gazing curiously at Lady Kenford. "But what are you going to do about Masson? Dear me, it will be a most painful scandal—so much publicity connected with it!"

She fixed her keen eyes on Evelyn as she spoke, and saw the Countess shudder as though with sudden cold. Always willing to think evil of the woman whom she hated for occupying a position she had coveted, she came to the conclusion that Lady Kenford was "keeping something back."

"After all," Anne Capel reflected, "we really know more of Masson than we do of her."

Evelyn turned to her husband with an appealing glance. "We must get the poor woman set free," she said intreatingly. "Can't it be done?"

"I'm afraid not now," said Alsager doubtfully. "She wants to see you, Evelyn, and implored me to ask you to come to her till at length I consented, but I'm afraid you're not strong enough. The strain will be too great for you."

"No, no! I must see her!" protested Lady Kenford feverishly. "Have you offered bail for her, Alsager? Can't it be done?"

"Not when the charge is one of murder," answered the Earl gloomily. "Evelyn, I don't like your seeing the woman; I'm afraid it will upset you."

"As though that mattered!" she retorted impatiently. "One moment, Alsager, and I will come down to the library with you."

She disappeared through the velvet curtains that veiled the entrance to her dressing-room, and emerged presently with her heavy masses of hair twisted into a knot at the nape of her neck, and the loose, flowing tea-gown exchanged for a dress of more formal appearance.

"I have not kept you waiting," she said, forcing a smile. "Please take me to Masson, Alsager. Anne, you can wait here, if you like."

"Thank you, I will!" answered Mrs. Capel, who had been preparing to follow the husband and wife, but who, in the face of this hint, could not be a spectator, as she burnt to be, of the scene in the library. This checking of her curiosity did not tend to make her more amiable towards Evelyn.

Never had the grave-faced portraits that adorned the library walls looked down upon a more painful picture than was now presented to them. Between two detectives in plain clothes, who had, as the butler afterwards observed in the housekeeper's room, almost the look of gentlemen, sat Masson, her face disfigured and swollen by the tears she had shed, her eyes fixed upon the door, whilst she awaited in what anguish of spirit the coming of her mistress!

As the door opened and Evelyn entered, Masson rushed forward, and, falling upon her knees at the Countess' feet, clutched her gown in an agonised grip.

"Oh, my lady, you'll speak up for me!" she cried wildly. "Your ladyship won't see me dragged to prison for what I never did, for what I'm innocent of as the babe unborn! It's all a wicked lie; I swear it is! Oh, my lady, I've served you faithfully! Won't you speak up for me now?"

She broke into convulsive sobbing, hiding her face in the silken folds of Lady Kenford's gown. Across the kneeling figure of the wretched woman the Countess looked at the two detectives.

"I should like," she said quietly, "to know why you have arrested my maid—on what evidence?"

Evelyn was now completely mistress of herself; her peril was so great, the need for caution, for coolness so imperative, that the very magnitude of her danger made her courageous.

She was at bay; she knew that her life itself tottered on the brink of the abyss; but she was not fighting for herself alone, but for the son she loved more than existence.

For Guy's sake, for the sake of the child who was her all in all, for him she must sacrifice truth, honour, loyalty—things that to a proud and honourable soul are gold, against which life itself is only dross.

"At the inquest on the man, Ralph Danby, murdered last Monday, the 22nd inst.," said one of the detectives, in answer to Lady Kenford, "a cabman came forward, who stated having driven a woman, evidently a servant, from this house on the evening of the murder, to 19 Alport Road; he saw her go in, he saw her, after about half an hour's interval (he was outside the public-house at the corner of the road), emerge and hurry away, running, so he expressed it, as though someone were after her. He followed her, and she, without recognising him, hailed him and told him to drive to Park Lane."

"He noticed, he said, that her dress was torn. He could not see her face plainly, for she was thickly veiled, but he saw that she had dark hair. He drove her to Hamilton Place, where she alighted. He followed her, and saw her enter Kenford House by the servants' entrance. Reading the account of the murder in all its details, he deemed it his duty to come forward and give evidence at the inquest. He afterwards saw the prisoner and identified her."

"And on such flimsy evidence you have arrested her!" interrupted Lady Kenford with scorn. "I never heard anything so preposterous!"—she laughed as she spoke. "Get up, Masson; don't kneel there. It is all a big mistake, and can easily be put right. You have only to tell the men where you were on Monday evening—at the time the murder was committed—and you are free. That is what is called establishing an alibi. Come, tell us at once!"

But Masson only moaned in mortal fear and anguish, and clung still closer to her mistress. Evelyn's lips grew dry; the tension of the situation was beginning to break down her courage. She bent over the crouching, weeping woman, and laid one slender hand upon her shoulder.

"Come!" she said huskily. "What were you doing on Monday evening? I was ill on that occasion," she added, glancing at the impassive detectives, "and I told my maid she was not to disturb me, that I should not need her again. Come, Masson, did you go out to visit some friends, or did you spend the evening with Mrs. Grand—with the housekeeper?"

No answer could Masson give save low, choking sobs. The Countess looked from the crouching figure grovelling at her feet to her husband; he came to her, and tried to raise the miserable Masson, who, however, resisted all his efforts.

"Masson," implored Lady Kenford, and there was a wild note of almost desperate intreaty in her voice, "won't you speak? Won't you say where you were that night? Don't you understand what depends on it—that everything depends on it, in fact? For the love of Heaven, tell the truth! Where were you that Monday night?"

The woman's sobs suddenly ceased; slowly she raised her head and gazed fearfully into Evelyn's face.

"I—I can't say," she answered with a touch of sullenness, "and—and it's no use asking me to! I won't!"

Lady Kenford started; before her eyes there swam a blood-red mist, through which there loomed horrible possibilities.

"You must speak!" she said harshly. "Masson, do you hear? You must clear yourself of this horrible, this unfounded charge, and you can only do it by telling us what you did that Monday evening. Oh, Alsager, can't you persuade her to speak? Can't you make her realise how fearfully important it is that she should?"

"I won't! I'd rather die than tell!" Masson cried vehemently. "Let them say what they like, my lady; I'll bear it all, but I won't break my word. They can take me to prison—me, a perfectly innocent woman, if they like—but I'll tell them nothing—no, not a word, and that's the last they'll get out of me!"

She rose to her feet, settled her disarranged dress, and glared defiantly through her tears at the detectives. Evelyn gazed about her in bewildered fashion; her world seemed rocking with her, shaken to its very foundations. What ought she to do—what ought she to say? Alas, alas, she knew only too well! Mechanically, she held out her hands to her husband; he caught them in his and drew her to a chair, whilst Masson sobbed convulsively as the detectives silently placed themselves on each side of her.

"What are they going to do?" whispered Evelyn hoarsely. "Alsager, don't—don't let them take her away! I—I tell you she is innocent! I know she is—I swear it!"

"Then let her speak!" answered Kenford, who had

"The Little Father," an article in the XMAS ROYAL MAGAZINE, gives an insight into the life of the Tsar of Russia.

been unfavourably impressed by Masson's attitude. "She has her freedom in her own hands."

"I can say nothing!" replied Masson sullenly. "Wild horses wouldn't drag it out of me, and your lordship can't. Let me be taken to prison! I'm innocent, as my lady says, and it'll all come out that I am! I—I'm not afraid!"

But her voice quavered as she pronounced the last words, and, as one of her captors laid a not ungentle hand upon her arm, she broke away from him and fled to Evelyn.

"Oh, my lady, don't let them take me away!" she gasped, cowering before her mistress. "Speak up for me! Tell them, for the love of Heaven, to let me go! I'm innocent! It's all a wicked mistake! My lady, as you hope for mercy, plead for it for me now!"

"This scene is too much for Lady Kenford," interposed Kenford, before his wife could speak. "Take your prisoner away, if you please! There is nothing to wait for."

"Oh, Alsager, one—oh moment!" cried Evelyn distractedly, as the men once more laid hands on the wretched Masson. "I—I must speak! I must say—I—I—She is innocent! I—I—"

Words failed her; she struggled to pronounce the fatal confession, but in vain; her lips refused to utter it. As Masson, still sobbing and wildly protesting her innocence, was conducted from the room, the Countess tried to follow, tried to call her back; then, as her husband drew her away, she struggled faintly to free herself, attempted to speak, and finally slipped senseless to the ground at his feet.

CHAPTER SIX.

"I Know Who Killed Ralph Danby."

CHRISTABEL DANBY bore up under the awful shock of her uncle's tragic death with a fortitude and composure that at once surprised and alarmed Maurice St. Aubyn. He felt that such heroic suppression of feeling in one so young was scarcely natural.

"I wish," he told her, "that you would give way more, Christabel. I don't like to see you so calm; it can't be right, I'm sure."

"You are as bad as the deaconess," answered Christabel with some impatience. "She always expects me to cry, to be perpetually weeping in her arms, and I feel that her sympathy has evaporated since I've declined to do that. She thinks it is dreadful of me, too, that I take such an interest in this woman who has been arrested; she thinks that my longing for justice is so unchristian. I think she hardly likes to have so revengeful a person under her roof. Maurice, tell me, do—you think this Janet Masson will be convicted? Do you think she is guilty?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered St. Aubyn gloomily. "I can't identify her as the woman who came that evening to see your uncle. The scrap of torn clothing found in his hand can't be proved to belong to any gown of hers. It seems to me that she must be acquitted, that no jury could convict on such evidence—only, you never know. I wish it were all over, for your sake, Christabel. I wish you wouldn't dwell upon it so!"

"Dwell upon it!" echoed the girl fiercely. "How can I think of anything else? How can I keep my thoughts from the one subject? Uncle Ralph was all I had in the world; we were all alone, and, though—though he may have been selfish now and again, yet I loved him! He was all I had, and now—now he's gone!"

"You forget me, Christabel," said St. Aubyn reproachfully. "Don't I count?"

Christabel paused in her restless pacing to and fro in the prim little sitting-room, and looked with sad eyes at the speaker. In her plain, black frock she was very fair, very young, and a desire to shield her from all the troubles of this turbulent world swept over St. Aubyn. He tried to take her hand, but she drew away from him.

"There must be nothing of that, Maurice," she said gravely. "You and I must be strangers henceforth. Miss Ainslie has been telling me—that you have been given the living of St. Glengulphus, Knightsbridge. The gift was sufficiently wide when you were curate of St. Peter's, Brixton, but now—"

"I wish the deaconess would have held her tongue," exclaimed St. Aubyn irritably; "I didn't mean you to know yet, dearest. I was keeping it back until—until you were better."

"It doesn't matter whether I know it or not," replied Christabel wearily. "What I say is true—we can never be anything but friends; not even that—our ways lie apart."

St. Aubyn coloured hotly. "If you can say that, you don't care for me," he said in a low voice; "then—then I'll give you up. But not before."

"I don't see that it is any good telling lies," replied Christabel slowly. "I do care for you, but it doesn't make the least difference. I shall never marry you."

The quiet, unmoved manner in which she pronounced these words carried dismay to Maurice St. Aubyn's heart, for he saw that she was in deadly earnest, and that it would be impossible to persuade her to yield to his will.

"Christabel," he said intreatingly, "won't you—"

"Hush!" she interrupted hurriedly. "Here comes Miss Ainslie."

Even as she spoke, the door opened to admit the deaconess' plump form; an unusual expression of anger and perturbation disturbed the good lady's serene features; she looked at Christabel with some anxiety.

"Miss Danby, I have brought a friend to see you," she said; "at least, that is what he calls himself. This is Miss Danby."

"Delighted to meet you! I am a stranger to you, though I knew your uncle well," said a harsh, raucous voice; and from behind Miss Ainslie there appeared a tall, lank figure, surmounted by a bald head, a wax-white face with deeply sunken dark eyes, and a mouth with a twisted lip, that in whatever humour its owner might be always conveyed the impression that he was smiling—

in a sneering, somewhat repellent manner, that the grave expression in the dark eyes could not contradict.

"I—I don't know you!" faltered Christabel in some surprise. "I'm very sorry, I think that there must be a mistake."

"No mistake at all, as I tried to convince the lady here"—as he spoke, the stranger bowed to the still ruffled deaconess. "She did not seem to think that it was proper for me to call upon you, Miss Danby, and wanted to see my credentials and proofs that I was really respectable and fit to speak to you before letting me in."

"The fact is, so many horrid reporters and inquisitive newspaper people have wanted to see Miss Danby that I have really been obliged to be suspicious," said Miss Ainslie reluctantly. "I am sorry if I wronged you, Mr.—"

"Clayton! That's my name," said the stranger. He was gazing at Christabel with an interest he made no attempt to disguise, and that had the effect of intensely irritating Maurice St. Aubyn. "I came back to England to look up my old friend, Ralph Danby, and the first thing I hear of is his murder. I'd had an idea I should have some trouble in finding his address, but the papers supplied that, and I was told by the woman in charge of the house that Miss Danby was here. So I came to see you, Miss Danby, to know if I could be of any assistance to you, and then—I'm going to the police—to tell them that I know who killed your uncle, that—"

"You know who murdered him?" broke in Christabel agitatedly. "Oh, Mr. Clayton, who—who was it?"

The stranger's keen eyes flashed from Christabel's rose-tinted face, all aglow with anxious curiosity, to the handsome features of Maurice St. Aubyn, who stood beside the girl.

"I may as well tell you," he said quietly. "It was—"

He stopped short; a strangely unpleasant smile contorted his twisted lip.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

A Letter Containing a Clue.

"I don't think, after all, I'll say anything," he observed deliberately. "Perhaps it's better to be silent until I give my evidence before the judge in the proper way, and it may be that I'm rash in saying that I know who killed my old friend. It's only a conjecture on my part, when all's said and done."

"Oh, why did you say you knew, then?" cried Christabel, deeply disappointed. "I believe you do know, but that you won't say."

"Well," replied Mr. Clayton imperturbably, "there's something in that, Miss Danby, and I don't deny it. By-the-way, is it true that they've got a woman in custody already?"

"Yes," said St. Aubyn; "Janet Masson. The evidence against her is purely circumstantial, but it is very strong."

"Hum!" said the stranger slowly, whilst his keen eyes fixed themselves upon Christabel. "Circumstantial evidence is a thing juries, as a rule, don't like to convict upon, and no wonder. It's a ticklish thing to hang a man or woman because Fate has been against them and arranged affairs in her most malevolent fashion for them. Why, out in California, I've seen a man shot because he couldn't prove he'd been in bed when his best enemy was strangled on the way home from Elrerey. Yes, that's a fact, and, as it happened, we found out afterwards that the man supposed to have done it was innocent; a miserable skulk of a half-breed confessed to the crime."

"But it was too late," said Christabel in horror; "the other man was dead."

"Exactly," assented Clayton serenely; "but we did the best we could to rectify the mistake. We hanged the half-breed as soon as he'd signed his confession."

Christabel turned away with a little shudder. Her uncle's friend repelled her strangely; she shrank a little closer to St. Aubyn, and the action was not lost on Clayton.

"I'm afraid that I've shocked you, Miss Danby," he said quietly; "but you must make excuses for me. I've been in the few wild and lawless parts the world still holds for the last fifteen years, and I've almost forgotten how to dress up a tale to please a woman. I've got into the habit of being truthful."

"The truth need not be brutal," replied Christabel coldly, and Clayton's twisted lip contorted into a wide smile.

"I'm afraid it generally is," he replied genially; "but I'm sorry I annoyed you, Miss Danby, and I trust you'll overlook it. I'm an old friend of your uncle's; I came home really on purpose to see him, and, now that he's gone, I hope you'll let me be your friend. I assure you, it is my desire."

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"You are very good," said Christabel, endeavouring to speak with cordiality. "I only wish that my uncle—that he were still with me—so that he could have thanked you in my name."

"That's all right," replied Clayton abruptly; "I felt I ought to look in on you, Miss Danby, before trying to clear up this mystery. I hope to be able to do it satisfactorily; I suppose I'd best go to Scotland Yard and tell the authorities there that I can help them to the truth? That'll be about the best way, I expect."

"Certainly," answered St. Aubyn; "and, if you don't mind, I'll go with you. I take," he added, colouring slightly, "the greatest interest in the affair; I knew Mr. Danby well."

"Ah, so did I! Poor old Ralph! He had his faults, and they were pretty black ones, but I liked him!" said Clayton, apparently forgetting Christabel's presence. "Well, he's got his deserts; he's wiped his slate clean, I imagine, and that's more than can be said of many of us. If you're ready, sir, we'll go straight to Scotland Yard and fix this affair up, then—we'll let Miss Danby know what's been decided upon."

"Do!" cried Christabel feverishly. "Oh, what wouldn't I give to know the truth—who did the awful thing! Mr. Clayton, if you do this, if you set my mind at rest on that point, I shall never know how to thank you; I shall be grateful to you to my dying day!"

She caught his hand impulsively, raising her lovely face to his. Clayton's pale cheek flushed a little, and, with a sudden gesture, he drew his hand sharply away, as though the touch of those soft, clinging fingers were noxious to him.

"I'll do my best," he said abruptly; "but, take my word for it, Miss Danby, vengeance is an unsatisfying thing, and there comes the time when you'd move Heaven and earth never to have tasted it. Ladies," he included the deaconess in his bow, "good-morning!"

"What an extraordinary man!" exclaimed Miss Ainslie, when Clayton and St. Aubyn had left the room. "Dear me, I wonder if Mr. St. Aubyn will find out who and what he is?"

But to unravel the character of a man who was as easy to read as the far-famed Sphinx was a task beyond Maurice's powers. By the time Scotland Yard was reached he was still profoundly ignorant of his companion's true nature, whereas Clayton had learnt all he desired to know concerning the young curate.

"I hope," Clayton observed as they entered the great world-famous building in Whitehall, "that I shan't have any difficulty in convincing the detectives of my veracity. I don't know much about English ones of late years; you wait for me, will you, until I reappear! I am beginning to feel nervous."

But when he stood face to face with the insignificant, pale-faced man at whose name the most hardened criminal trembled, no trace of embarrassment was observable in Clayton's demeanour.

"I think," he remarked serenely, "that I can clear up difficulties a bit for you—I mean, concerning the murder of Ralph Danby. My name is Alan Clayton, and I can tell you the name of the man who killed my friend. It was Joseph Samada. By-the-way, this is on oath, isn't it? I want to swear that I'm telling the whole truth and nothing else."

"You can make a deposition," said the great detective quietly. "How do you know that it was Joseph Samada who committed the murder?"

"Because I do," was the enigmatic answer. "Samada and Danby were deadly enemies years ago—it doesn't matter why—and Samada swore he'd have Danby's blood sooner or later. He was half a Chilian, more like a wild beast than a man, and he would wait, if I know anything of that breed, for a score of years, if necessary, before striking; but he'd keep his word at last, and here's the proof that what I say is true."

As he spoke, he drew forth a large and bulky pocket-book over-stuffed with various documents, selected one, and handed it to the detective, who examined it silently. It was a large and ragged sheet of brown paper, and upon it, in type cut from a newspaper, were the words in small letters and capitals:

"RALPH DANBY IS DEAD HIS BLOOD IS SPILT.—J.S."

"I found that letter awaiting me at the post-office when I called there," said Clayton; "I'd heard already of poor Danby's murder. The papers were full of it, and I hadn't thought of connecting Samada with it. I'd seen him last in New York, when I was off to Australia, and we'd had a long talk over old times, and he said he'd like to write to me now and again, and I told him where letters would find me in Melbourne or London. We never mentioned Danby; why should we? Ralph was my friend, and, though I didn't like Samada, I'm bound to own that he hadn't been well treated by Danby. Right had been on the Chilian's side in the quarrel, but not might."

"What," asked the detective, still examining the strange letter, "did they quarrel about?"

"The usual thing."

"Money?"

"No; there was plenty of that just then in Elrerey—it was about a woman!"

"A woman? You knew her?"

Alan Clayton's sallow face flushed, his contorted lip drew to one side.

"I've seen her," he said shortly.

"And where," queried the detective, still apparently absorbed in "J.S.'s" quaintly-written communication. "Is that woman now?"

"Dead—at least, gone out of our lives," replied Clayton, who was evidently uneasy at the turn the interrogations were taking, "so we needn't say anything about her."

"I should like to know," observed the detective, "why Samada—that is the name, isn't it?—thank you—I should like to know why he took the trouble to write and tell you, Mr. Clayton, what you would learn from the daily Press. He must have known that it was a dangerous thing; that you, knowing what the relations were between him and the dead man, would naturally come to the conclusion that the writer of this queer letter and the murderer were one and the same. I can't understand Mr.

Canada, I confess it frankly, but—I can understand you, Mr. Clayton—

"Can you?" retorted Clayton nonchalantly, although his eyes gleamed ominously beneath his heavy brows. "That's a good thing, for sometimes I don't understand myself—"

"So far, you are not a riddle difficult to read," answered the detective quietly. "You are shielding someone, sir, and I shall soon discover whom."

CHAPTER EIGHT. A Guess at the Truth.

CLAYTON leant back in his chair, his long, nervous hands gripping the arms convulsively, but beyond that he gave no sign that the detective's words had either alarmed him or taken him by surprise.

"You're not as smart as I thought," he said slowly, "to give yourself away in that fashion. You think I'm shielding someone, do you; well, in that case, I should have said it would have been better to keep your thoughts to yourself, and find out more. Your methods seem to me, I don't mind saying so, a bit clumsy, and just a little transparent."

"There are times," said the detective steadily, "when frankness serves one's ends best. Come, Mr. Clayton, let's have done with this fencing. Tell me what you really know."

The detective raised his eyes suddenly, and fastened his keen gaze upon Clayton, who, a little startled by this bluntness, bit his lip.

"You don't believe what I say," he said, "I can see that. Do you think that I did the thing myself?"

The detective smiled in a bland, deprecatory fashion. "You put words into my mouth," he observed gently, "that I had not the faintest intention of uttering. I must beg you not to do so."

"Won't you take steps to ascertain Joseph Samada's hiding place and arrest him?" asked Clayton. He was no longer a sphinx—anxiety, fear, excitement, were portrayed upon his usually impassive features. "You'll get him if you're quick—and you can set the woman you've got free. She's innocent—I swear it—innocent as—as I am."

"That," said the detective equably, "will be proved at her trial."

Clayton rose to his feet, and approached the table behind which his companion sat ensconced. There was that in his face which made the detective, practised in reading men's expressions, put his hand on the little nickel-plated revolver that lay half hidden beneath some papers.

"You needn't do that," said Clayton huskily, "I know I'm in civilised parts now, where a man mayn't take the law into his own hands, but I'd give much at this moment to be alone with you, safe from interference, where I could force you to believe that what I say is true."

"Your methods would be more abrupt than pleasing, I think," said the detective calmly. "If you have nothing more to tell me, Mr. Clayton, my time is valuable—"

"No, there's nothing else I wish to tell you, except that I am speaking the truth, and that you had best believe me," said Clayton. "Is there no one else to whom I can tell my tale—no one who—for Janet Masson's sake, will listen to me?"

"The counsel who have undertaken her defence, I should say," replied the other politely; "they might take an interest in your story. It is interesting, you know; but the best part, I fancy, you keep untold. Good-morning."

When Clayton joined Maurice St. Aubyn, who had awaited him in the outer office, the latter was astonished at the change that had taken place in the man. The haggard, anxious eyes made the contrast all the more painful to the perpetually smiling lips, and his waxen complexion was now of a curious, leaden hue.

"It isn't as easy to clear an absolutely innocent woman as I thought," he said as they walked away. "Do you know who is defending Janet Masson?"

"No; I only saw in a paper that Lady Kenford had undertaken to defray the expenses of the defence, and that the best counsel were to be engaged," answered St. Aubyn. "Masson was her maid, you know."

"I know; well, I'm going straight to call on her ladyship, and tell her what I know," replied Clayton. "Where does she live?"

St. Aubyn gave him the address, and Clayton wrote it down; then he turned to the curate with outstretched hand.

"Thanks for all you've done," he said briefly; "go back to that pretty little girl and tell her she'll have her vengeance yet—and others—more than they bargained for."

"I don't think Miss Danby wants vengeance—it's justice," protested Maurice, but Clayton only laughed.

"The two generally are the same," he said; "now I'll see how I fare with Lady Kenford."

At first, when he asked to see her ladyship, Clayton was informed that the Countess received no visitors—that she was indisposed; but Clayton insisted on sending in his card, on which he scribbled: "Re the Alport Street murder—on behalf of Janet Masson," and the groom of the chambers himself came out and informed the visitor that her ladyship would be pleased to see him.

It had been much against Lord Kenford's wish that his wife had sent that message.

"You're not well enough to see anyone, Evelyn," he said, "and you know Pratten said that, above all things, you were to have rest and quiet, that—"

"Rest, quiet!" repeated the Countess impatiently. "Sir Prebitt might as well tell me to dwell in a heaven on earth as to experience peace or rest. I tell you, Alsager, until this—this affair of Masson's is settled, I shall know no peace, night or day. When does the trial come on?"

"Next week; you are taking it too much to heart, my darling; you are allowing it to upset you; you should not dwell upon the thing!" urged the Earl with fond persistence, gazing wistfully at his wife. "The woman is utterly worthless; it's horrible to think that you kept her

so long, that she was with you, with this terrible past. And I thought she came to you with an excellent character."

"So she did, and I don't know why you should take it for granted that she is guilty, that she has what you call a horrible past!" retorted Lady Kenford irritably. "Poor Masson, I always liked her!"

"She refuses to say where she was that evening," answered the Earl severely, "and that is greatly against her. No, my dear Evelyn, I am afraid that you must make up your mind that there is little hope of an acquittal. The evidence is dead against her."

"She will speak—she must on the day of the trial!" exclaimed the Countess feverishly. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't take that last hope away from me; I shall go mad if you do—I shall, anyway, I think! How the time drags, and yet—it seems to rush at the same time!"

Her beautiful head sank; into those violet-blue eyes there sprang the hot tears that brought no solace to the aching brain. Kenford, more miserable than he had ever been in his life, knelt down beside her and attempted to caress her. She drew away from him with a shudder.

"No, no!" she said bitterly. "I don't feel I'm good enough, Alsager! You are so quick to judge poor Masson; you are so inclined to see the evil, not the good, that I'm afraid of you!"

"Evelyn, how can you be so absurd?" There was real displeasure in the Earl's voice. "How can you mention yourself and Masson in the same breath?"

"Because I don't feel that we are far apart," retorted Lady Kenford recklessly. "There, don't look so shocked, Alsager! Forgive me, I really am half mad, I think! I don't know what I'm saying; I must run away now and interview this man who says that he knows something about the affair. What is his name? Alan Clayton? It doesn't tell one much; I told Jeffers to put him in the library."

"You'll let me go with you?" pleaded the Earl, who bore with his wife's fitful moods and sudden gusts of irritability with a patience that won Evelyn's remorseful admiration. "Dearest, I really don't like your seeing him alone."

"But I must; I feel that I'm nuisance enough to you already without inflicting what, no doubt, will be an interview with an impostor upon you," answered Evelyn, forcing herself to speak lightly. "Wait for me here, and I'll come and tell you all about it."

"As you like," replied the Earl meekly; and, when Evelyn had left him, he ruminated sadly upon the altered tenor of their hitherto well-ordered, pleasant existence. Most earnestly did he wish that Masson—poor, unhappy creature!—had never darkened with her fatal shadow the threshold of Kenford House.

(Another long instalment next week.)

A RUSSIAN SCARE IN AUSTRALIA.

"RUSSIAN SCARES" were at one time common in Sydney and Melbourne.

Once, when Australia was not yet connected with the Old World by telegraph, a mail steamer from London beat the record in smart passage, and to signalise the event she fired off all her guns as she advanced up the harbour of Melbourne.

But the Melbourne authorities misconstrued this demonstration, and, feeling sure that the Russians were really coming at last, promptly mobilised all their military and naval resources.

GROWTH OF THE KAISER'S NAVY.

THE German Admiralty publishes some striking information regarding the growth of the Kaiser's Navy during the past twenty years. Roughly speaking, the strength of the German Navy within this short period has increased threefold.

In 1881 the estimates provided for 11,352 men, in 1886 for 14,682, in 1891 for 17,083, in 1896 for 21,835, and in 1902 for 31,171. The following table shows the increase in the number of officers:

	1881.	1891.	1901.
Officers	458	574	923
Engineers	35	62	159
Surgeons	63	98	164
Paymasters	42	72	119

The increase in the number of engineers is especially noteworthy. The men are divided into the following categories:

	1881.	1891.	1901.
Deck officers	284	649	1,280
Under officers	1,459	2,401	5,558
Privates and seamen	8,043	11,922	19,978

It is useful to note that as soon as the naval bill programme of 1900 has been carried through, that is to say, in 1905, the strength of the Kaiser's fleet will be 60,000 men.

"MILDRED, what brings that young man to the house so often?"

"Well, his mother's stepfather married a second cousin of my father's great aunt. We're trying to puzzle out what relation that makes him to me, and that can't be done in one evening."

BOOTMAKER: "You'll excuse me, sir, but I can see that those boots are too tight for you. They'll give you corns."

CUSTOMER: "My good man, that's just what I require. I'm the clerk of the weather, and I want to know when to be able to predict rain with certainty."

"GOOD OLD TEDDY."

Characteristic Stories of the World's Greatest Gentleman.

"GOOD OLD TEDDY."

That was the cry which everywhere greeted our King as he journeyed through London the other day on his way to Newmarket. It was the Londoner's way of showing pleasure at His Majesty's message of sympathy sent to the fishermen wounded in the North Sea outrage. Simple though these three words are, they are full of meaning. Whether he lives in Australia, Canada, or India, no matter his religion, politics, education, or social station, they have an echo in every Britisher's heart. "Good old Teddy."

KINDNESS TO THE AFFLICTED.

How King Edward has benefited the hospitals, has fed the poor, is well known. Yet he is not beyond sending his own physician to one of his poorest subjects. At the King's request Sir Frederick Treves made a special visit recently to the London Hospital and assisted in the operation upon Hogarth, the Hull fisherman, who was seriously wounded by the shots of the craven Russians. Not only that, His Majesty gave orders for a daily bulletin of the fisherman's progress to be sent to him.

LADIES LOVE HIM.

During a visit once to the Continent when Prince of Wales, the King was in a train which stopped at Nice on its way to Cannes. Upon the platform were two English ladies, to whom it was a matter of consequence that they should travel to Cannes by the very first train. To their distress, however, there was not a seat to be had, though they searched from one end of the train to the other. Suddenly a gentleman approached them. He said the Prince of Wales would be happy to give them seats in his compartment. Accepting the gracious offer with gratitude, the two ladies completed their journey in the company of the Prince and his equerry.

SO DO HIS HUMBLEST SUBJECTS.

When in Ireland last year, the day being too stormy for a projected fishing excursion, the King unceremoniously wandered into a little cottage. It was occupied by a Mrs. Maloney and a few young children. Never suspecting who her visitor was, the poor housewife welcomed the King, and asked him to be seated. The chair was a rough one, and as it appeared rather frail, His Majesty looked at it with some misgivings, whereupon Mrs. Maloney, somewhat offended, said: "Indeed, sir, a bigger man than you sat on that chair." "Oh," replied the King, "and who was the great man who sat on this chair?" "His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant," answered Mrs. Maloney, "and a good man he is, too, yer honour." "I am sure of that," said His Majesty, "but I am the King." "Musha, God bless yer Majesty! and is it yerself that's in it? Sure, Pat went down to give yer Majesty a welcome."

THE KING AND THE KIDDIES.

"Now, my young friends," said King Edward, cheerfully, paying an unexpected visit to a little village school, whither he had wandered from a country mansion in the neighbourhood, "I dare say some of you can tell me the names of a few of our greatest kings and queens, eh?" With one accord they cried out, "King Alfred, and Queen Victoria, sir." A moment later, a tiny boy, to whom the schoolmaster had just whispered, put up his hand. "Do you know another, my boy?" asked the King. "Yes, your Majesty—King Edward VII." His Majesty laughed, and again asked: "But what great act has King Edward VII. done, pray?" The boy lowered his head and stammered out, "I don't know, your Majesty!" "Don't be distressed, my boy," said our gracious King, smiling, "I don't know, either."

ONCE ASSISTED A BEGGAR.

In the King's palace is a large silver inkstand, much prized by the Queen, which has these words engraved upon it. "To the Prince of Wales. From one who saw him conduct a blind beggar across the street. In memory of a kind and Christian action." This had happened once in Pall Mall during the middle of the day, when the King, seeing the beggar's predicament, had led him safely through the traffic.

YET WILL NOT TOLERATE FAMILIARITY FROM NOBLEMEN.

King Edward, then Prince of Wales, had given an evening party, to which was invited a young lord, and to whom the Royal host showed particular attention. This so impressed the young nobleman that he came to regard himself as a prime favourite. He even went so far as to declare that he would get the Prince to wait upon him in person. Friends who overheard him, wagered that he wouldn't. After dinner, when all the gentlemen had returned to the billiard-room, the "favourite" called out, "Look here, Wales; be good enough to ring for a glass of punch!" Everybody was thunderstruck, but the Prince, with a genial smile, pulled the bell-rope. When the footman came in, he quietly said, "Get this gentleman—his carriage."

THE MYSTERY OF A SILENT COURT.

By the Author of "The Haunted House in Berkeley Square," "A Bitter Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN.

Caleb Reveals Some Hidden Mysteries.

*Words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think.*
—BYRON.

"I SHOULD like you to play the piano, sir," said Caleb to Gerald when all was ready; "those gentle notes as you played before."

Gerald ran his fingers down the keys with the same marvellous, mysterious, and masterly touch, and held his audience spell-bound.

It was a strange situation.

"When first I heard him play," said Caleb, leaning forward and staring at the pattern on the carpet, at the same time pressing his hands together and making his finger joints crack, "when first I heard him play, it was not like this; it was terrible. It made me tremble; it made me shako like a leaf in the wind. It was that awful night when he came to see my old master, who that night was laid there dead in his lonely room surrounded with the treasures he had collected.

"I was in when Mr. Minton called," he continued; "in fact, I showed him up to my master. It was then he played the music, if I can call it music; he spoke with the notes on the piano. I listened, trembling, at the door. I did not lose a word. Mr. Ryder rose in his anger, and so did Mr. Minton. It was now nearly dark. My master said some words; they were foul and wicked words, and the young man struck him. I believe he deserved it, but I did not like it; he was my master, you see, and he treated me fairly well, but I said nothing and did nothing—I only listened.

"Mr. Ryder fell heavily to the ground. He was hurt, but not seriously hurt; Minton waited a little, and then offered to help him up, but my master would have none of his help, and used the most terrible language towards him. He rose to his feet and was striking a match to light the lamp when the young gentleman left, saying: 'I had better leave you now, or I may do some harm to you.' Do you remember, Mr. Minton?"

"I remember perfectly," replied Gerald. "Everything you have said is absolutely correct."

"Of course it is," replied Caleb, "and everything I am going to say will be equally correct. Mr. Minton having gone, my master sat down, panting with rage, but he did not sit for long, only a few seconds, when he jumped to his feet and walked quickly out of the room and down the stairs and out of the house.

"I was now hiding in his bedroom, where I had gone when Mr. Minton called.

"There were two doors in the bedroom, one leading on to the landing and one into the sitting-room. I believe Mr. Ryder went out with the idea of catching Mr. Minton, but this he did not do. He, however, came across somebody else; I could hear voices coming up the stairs. I still remained quiet. It was all better than a play to me.

"The two came upstairs together," went on the youth. "It was evident that my master had not cooled down; he was in a very savage temper. He seemed not well pleased to have met the other man, who came stumping upstairs with his heavy tread, and seemed the worse for drink. Brown is often the worse for drink; I lodged with him, you know, for a time; he is not a pleasant man to lodge with, still, I was even with him. He came into the sitting-room talking loudly and in a bullying way. Fancy any man bullying Percival Ryder! It took my breath away, and I wondered what would happen next.

"Look here, guv'nor," he growled, "I must tell you again that if I'm to shut my mouth, I'm to be paid for it, and that's flat."

"Mr. Ryder said never a word.

"If I'm to hold my tongue about this here Silver, whose girl you want to marry, I'm going to be paid for it, and you'd better fork out some ready at once."

"Look here, you drunken brute," suddenly cried my master, turning like a tiger on the man, "you know too much! You have not got your knowledge legitimately! Listen! I believe it is you who stole the notes from John Silver, you villain! I believe it is you, and they shall be stopped the first thing to-morrow morning, if you ever dare to show your face before me again!"

"In the room was a wooden club that had come from the west coast of Africa, and Mr. Ryder stooped to pick this up. This was his last moment. With a movement that was wonderfully rapid for one so heavily built, Jabez Brown sprang forward and dealt my master a terrific blow on the side of the head with his great fist, then he fell upon him, and his great hands clasped the other man's throat. There was hardly any struggle, hardly any noise—a gurgling, and the tapping of the dying man's heels upon the floor. He was soon dead. Jabez rose, then, without hesitating a moment, he went away, and I could hear his heavy tread cross the court and die away down the archway."

As he came to this point, the wretched youth covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

"I'm not ashamed of crying," he sobbed. "But what must you think of me for not interfering? Believe me, I am powerful enough to overmaster even Mr. Jabez Brown, strong man that he is, but, believe me also when I say I could not move; I was paralysed for the time being. I could not cry out; I could do nothing but stare at that fearful deed, and then at my dead master on the floor. I was as if turned to stone. You know, gentlemen, that my mind is peculiar."

At this point Mr. Silver and Evelyn were prevailed upon to leave the room.

"A few minutes later," resumed Caleb, "I heard an uncertain, but cautious footfall coming through the archway and across the court. It came up the steps and pushed open the door, that had been left ajar. On came the steps up the stairs, very slowly, and at last the third visitor of that night appeared.

"He crept stealthily into the room, his body bent forward. At first I could not see his face, and, when I did, I was horror-struck, it was so ghastly pale and so full of madness. The man was the master of this house, Mr. John Silver! For some seconds he did not see the body on the floor; when he did, he at first showed unbounded surprise. He then came forward and looked into the dead man's face, and a feeling of terror took possession of him, for he trembled visibly from head to foot.

"He took a razor from his pocket, and began opening and shutting it, and continued to do so for some minutes, then he put the razor back into his breast-pocket, and heaved a great sigh of relief.

"No necessity," he said, nodding his head to the figure on the floor, "no necessity. Someone has been here before me, and so you shall never force my unwilling daughter into an unholy marriage."

"Someone has been here before me," he continued after a pause. "Gerald Minton, no doubt—indeed, it must have been. Poor young man! Indeed, I don't blame him. In fact, I am very much obliged to him for saving me so much trouble. I will go now—I will go! I am a very wicked man, there can be no doubt about it. If I had not stolen your cheque and forged your name, Percival Ryder, there would have been no necessity for this."

"He went away, walking very much quicker than he had come, but I was still unable to move; a more terrible sensation you cannot imagine.

"And once more there was a footstep on the stairs, and again Mr. Silver appeared. If possible, he was paler, and one of his hands was bandaged. It was wrapped round with a handkerchief, which was bloodstained.

"I came to make sure," he said, as he bent close over the body. "When I got away, I fancied that I had dreamt all this; but it's true, a blessed truth! Dreams! I wonder what your dreams are, Percival Ryder? He went away this time not to return; but still I stood immovable."

"I really do not know how long I remained in this awful state, but gradually a mist came before my eyes, and then a fog so thick that I could see nothing. The world was black to me. I was conscious of existence, and that was all, and suddenly I lost even that knowledge."

"When I regained my senses, I was lying on the floor, where I then believed I had fallen asleep. All recollection of what had occurred that fearful night had left my poor brain, and did not return until I fell out of the cab and hit my head last night."

"Indeed, I was under the impression that I had killed my poor old master myself. That, sir, is the true account, believe me, of the murder of Percival Ryder, by that wicked man, Jabez Brown, who committed the terrible crime for fear those bank-notes should be stopped."

"So that is the whole story?" said Mr. Jarvis.

"No, sir," answered Caleb-Rue.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT. The Further Sight.

*Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music; do I wake or sleep?*
—KEATS.

GERALD MINTON'S fingers continued to glide over the notes of the piano. He had listened with intense interest to the extraordinary story told by Caleb Rue, and it was a wonder that he had not ceased playing; he must, indeed, have touched the notes unconsciously.

Now, as he went on playing, Caleb rose from his chair and stood in the middle of the room. His face bore a strange and weird expression, his eyes seemed to be looking miles away. They were, indeed, looking miles away.

It was once a superstitious belief that certain persons gifted with second sight could see or feel what was happening at a considerable distance away; this wonderful power has now been established as an absolute fact.

It is a mind like Caleb's that is most likely to possess this uncanny vision of things not visible to the ordinary eye, and this particular youth had the power to a wonderful degree.

"I stand in the Silent Court," said the strange youth in a low voice, "and I look towards his house. There is a change come over it—slight, but noticeable to me. Look at the brass plate with his name upon it. See how it has lost its polish? But it is only right that it should be so, now that the man is dead."

"And what bold man has opened the shutters since the police closed the house? Can it be a guilty one who has opened those shutters? If so, he must be tired of life, for he is opening the light on to his own evil deeds!"

"I stand in his sitting-room. How little changed, and yet how changed! How quickly does the dust settle in so short a time! See how thick it lies on this old spinet—open, as he left it! See how thick it rests on the inlaid table and on the once bright decanter of wine! Look at his empty chair and the empty bird-cage! How their silence speaks to me! Indeed, this is a Silent Court, full of sounds to me!"

"But what is that? I hear real sounds below. There were mice there in my time, and in the stillness there sometimes their noise frightened me, for I am but a poor, nervous creature at my best. But these sounds—no mouse made them."

"I stand below beside the kitchen door and sicken at the sight of that fearful man, if man such a brute beast can be called. He is crouching at the table—how often have I sat at that table and drunk my coffee!—with his terrible sins weighing heavily upon him. So heavy do they weigh on his broad chest that he breathes with difficulty. He has fled there for safety, thinking it the last place his pursuers would expect to find him in."

"He is right; they do not follow him here. But his

sins have found him here, and are beating against his breast and shrieking in his ears and dancing before his eyes.

"And he is mad with the madness of drink, for men drink to drown their sins, and with success for a time. But after a space up come those evil deeds, again glaring and grinning at them, a thousand times more clearly seen by the eyes of the drunkard."

"No Spanish tortures were worse than this man's as he sat there crouching beside the wooden table, clutching at the air with his great red hands, gasping for breath like a drowning man. Then he sinks down, and silence reigns."

After this recital, Caleb's face wore such an expression of horror so terrible to behold that Mr. Jarvis thought fit to interfere. He jumped up from his chair, where he had been sitting spellbound, and seized the youth by the arms.

"Wake up, my lad!" he cried loudly. "This is too much for you to bear."

Caleb shivered convulsively and covered his face with his hands for a few minutes, and then looked fearfully round, hardly able to realise his position. He recovered himself, however, quicker than might have been expected, and, strange to say, did not seem to remember the story he had just been telling.

"What do his wild words mean?" exclaimed Gerald.

"Surely he is out of his senses!"

"On the contrary," replied the detectives, "he possesses senses far beyond ours, believe me. He has painted a picture in words. I will show you the original work. Call a cab, and we three will drive to the Silent Court."

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE. The Last Sin of the Silent Court.

*Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.*
—SHAKESPEARE.

THEY drove in silence to the Silent Court.

They were full of dreadful expectation. Caleb's revelations, made in so strange and unnatural a manner, had cast a mist of uncanny mystery on an otherwise simple if repulsive undertaking.

They stopped the cab in Cheapside and walked the remainder of the way, which was but a short distance, to their destination. Mr. Jarvis walked first, Gerald and Caleb a few paces behind him. They went through the archway, their footsteps echoing loudly up the dirty steps of the little house jammed in the corner, and noticed that the brass plate on the door certainly required polishing.

The detective opened the door with a latch-key he had obtained from the police. In the hall he stood irresolute for a few seconds, and then turned to the two others.

"Stay you here," he said; "I will go downstairs alone. I know what to expect, and perhaps am more used to horrors than you are."

They heard him descend the stairs and push open the kitchen door; they heard him move about the room for a few minutes—very few—and then he returned to the others. Mr. Jarvis was pale, and his lips trembled slightly.

"It's just as Caleb told us," he said, "but the floor is littered with his treasures, including many bank-notes. Come! We will leave this evil spot at once! We will tell the proper authorities, and they will do the rest."

And so they left the Silent Court, Gerald and Caleb never to see it again.

As Mr. Jarvis said, the authorities did the rest. There was an inquest, and the dead Jabez Brown was found guilty of having murdered Percival Ryder and that faithful servant, David.

Mr. John Silver was put away in a private asylum, to emerge from it in a year's time with his reason, but otherwise in broken health.

Gerald Minton and Evelyn married, the young man carrying on the business of his father-in-law, saving it from ruin, if not making it a great success.

Caleb Rue, the eccentric and extraordinary, went as a clerk in Minton's business, but it cannot be said that he distinguished himself. His greatest delight was to listen to the magic of Minton's playing, and he also took much pleasure in breeding canaries.

Mr. Jarvis once more appeared in the world of fashion and politics as Henry Earl of Gratton, and he did not leave the faithful hound, Teck, behind him.

As to the house in the Silent Court, it was pulled down, while the many treasures it contained went to the Crown, for Percival Ryder had neither kith nor kin to claim them.

The End.

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HOME NOTES PAGE.

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Sea Pie may be made from the veriest scraps of any sort. Form these into a stew, add pieces of cooked potato, carrots, and a little onion. Cover all with a light crust and serve directly the crust is done.

For Nut or Almond Sandwiches remove the skin carefully, chop very finely, and work into a paste with butter. Scatter salt over, and spread on brown bread.

To Cook Hominy. Take one cupful of coarse hominy, four level teaspoonfuls of salt, and mix with five cupfuls of boiling water. Boil slowly for four or five hours. When cold out into slices and fry in eggs and breadcrumbs.

Hasty Soup. Dissolve a packet of concentrated soup in water, season it to taste, and add a few drops of vinegar. Just before serving add some finely chopped parsley, which makes a pretty garnish and improves the flavour.

Stewed Dates should be prepared thus: Select the cheaper fruit, place it in a jar, add a little water, a few strips of orange and lemon rind, but no sugar. Place the jar, closely covered, in a slow oven and cook for two hours.

Semolina Mould. Into a pint and a half of milk, when boiling, shake a teacupful of semolina, and continue to stir it over the fire for ten minutes. Sweeten and flavour to taste, then pour into a buttered mould to cool. Serve with custard or jam round it.

Mashed Cabbage is excellent when prepared as follows: Boil the cabbage until tender, drain it, and chop finely like spinach. Then add to it a teaspoonful of butter, half a teaspoonful of vinegar, pepper and salt to taste. Return all to the saucepan. Make it very hot, and serve with fried sippets of bread.

Treacle Pudding. One pound of flour, six ounces of finely-chopped suet, half a pound of treacle, half a pint of milk, half an ounce of ginger, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Warm the treacle, and add to half of the milk, and beat all till light. Dissolve the carbonate in the rest of the milk. Boil for three hours at a gallop.

Punch. Here is my favourite recipe: Boil one pint of milk with yellow rind of about a quarter of a lemon and quickly add two eggs which have been beaten in a little cold milk. Let all heat, but do not boil. When very hot add a wineglassful of brandy and two of rum. Beat the whole thoroughly, strain through muslin and serve as preferred, hot or cold. (Reply to GUNN.)

Pickled Sprats. This is a good dish and within the reach of all, as the fish is very plentiful and cheap. Take some sprats, clean and dry them, and lay in a jar, or deep pie dish. Pour over them a pickle made of one part vinegar and two parts water; add a few peppercorns and a bay leaf or two. Bake in a moderate oven. Take the fish from the pickle and serve cold for breakfast.

A Plain Plum Pudding is useful at this time of year. Take five ounces each of flour and breadcrumbs, four ounces each of suet and currants, two ounces of candied peel, two eggs, and a little spice. Mix all together, adding enough milk to make it so stiff that a wooden spoon will stand upright a few seconds in it. Turn into a greased basin, cover with a pudding cloth, plunge into fast boiling water, and cook for four hours. (Reply to A. T. LEEDS.)

To Make Wholemeal Bread. Mix a teaspoonful of salt with two pounds of flour (wheat meal) in a basin, dissolve one ounce of yeast in a pint of tepid water, pour this into the middle of the flour, and make into a light dough. Cover it with a clean cloth and stand in a warm place to rise (about one hour); when sufficiently risen, turn it on to a floured board, make it into three loaves, put them in floured tins, let them rise for half an hour in a warm place. Bake in a quick oven for three-quarters of an hour. This bread really requires no kneading. (Reply to BRADFORD.)

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Sunlight and Air are the very best sanitary agents, therefore they should be freely invited to enter every room of the house.

When Boiling Dried Haricot Beans do not put in the salt till the beans are nicely cooked, otherwise they are apt to split and crack.

Select Lamp Wicks that are soft and loosely woven. Soak them in vinegar before using and dry in a very cool oven. This is the surest way to obtain a good light without smoke.

To Make a Beefsteak Tender. Smear a couple of teaspoonfuls of salad oil over a beefsteak, place it between two plates and leave it for a few hours. This works wonders in softening the fibres.

To Take Coffee Stains brush the spot with pure glycerine, then rinse in lukewarm water and press on the wrong side. The glycerine absorbs the colouring matter and any grease in it. (Reply to DOBSON.)

Parsley may be preserved as follows: Pour boiling water over some freshly gathered parsley. Let it stand a few minutes, drain and spread on a large dish and dry in the oven. Watch carefully as it soon burns. Then store in a tin. (Reply to WALLACE.)

To Clean White Satin Shoes. Put the shoes on the "trees," or stuff out with soft rags, and rub gently with a flannel dipped into methylated spirit of wine. Repeat the process till clean, and afterwards rub dry with a clean, soft cloth.

To Clean Pewter Pots. Scour the pewter with fine silver-sand and paraffin, using an old bung covered with leather. When the pewter is cleaned, wash it in hot, soapy water. Rinse thoroughly and polish with finely crushed, dry whiting. (Reply to PEWTER.)

To make Salt Butter Resemble Fresh. Pour a quart of chilled water on to a pound of salt butter, and work it well with the hands, or a wooden spoon, for a quarter of an hour. Pour away the water and rinse it well in several waters. Add a little salt, and pat for table.

Yet Another Remedy for Squeaking Boots. Turn the boots sole upwards and place on the handles of flat-irons. Apply castor oil with a stiff brush and let it soak in thoroughly. Rub with an old cloth before wearing. Do this twice a week and the squeak will shortly disappear. (Thanks to JOHN.)

To Stiffen Hair Brushes. Wash the brushes in warm, soapy water and rinse in cold water, and then lay the bristles in a shallow bowl of water, in which two ounces of powdered alum have been dissolved. Leave the brushes to soak twenty-four hours, and then take out and shake. Leave to dry in the air.

Make Yeast as follows: Boil two gallons of water with one pound and a quarter of flour and five ounces of sugar, and a little salt. Let this stand till milk warm, and then bottle. You will find that one pint of this is sufficient to work up with eighteen pounds of flour. (Thanks to HOCKING.)

This Dressing for Shooting Boots will be found Useful by Sportsmen. Take tallow or suet in equal parts. Melt in a jar or tin and add sufficient castor oil to make a stiff paste. When cold stir in a little lamp black. Rub this on the uppers and soles and the feeling of dampness when standing on wet ground will not be noticed. (Thanks to PYEFINCH.)

For Chilblains. Rub the hands directly any redness appears with methylated spirit night and morning, and also apply an ivy leaf soaked in vinegar for a few hours. (2) The following lotion after a few applications completely cures and the relief after one application is great: Take one ounce of camphorated spirits of wine and mix it with half an ounce of Goulard Extract (pure). This must not be applied to broken chilblains under any circumstances. (Reply to S. J. K.)

SERVANTS' CHARACTER BOOKS.

SERVANTS in Germany have their "character books," duly stamped by the police, and in these are written full particulars of their conduct when in service.

The employer keeps the book till the servant leaves, when it is handed over, after an account of the servant's behaviour and the reason for leaving have been entered.

DON'TS FOR WOMEN.

Don't sit facing a strong light.
Don't stoop or bend over while writing or reading.
Don't go too long without food. Hunger gives a strained look to the face.

Don't worry; but, if worry you must, keep the forehead smooth—don't wrinkle it.

Don't wear tight shoes. In time they bring a permanent agonised expression that is not beautiful to behold, to even a young face.

Don't speak with all the muscles of the face. It is very charming and captivating to be deeply, deadily in earnest, but facial grimaces form creases, which in time become wrinkles.

Don't neglect ten minutes' rest during the day, if you can anyhow manage it, with the feet raised. It gives the whole body a great sense of repose, and works wonders in smoothing out the lines of the face.

WORK AND WORRY.

NEVER was there a truer sentiment written than that which declares that it is not work which kills but worry.

Unless a man or woman has something seriously wrong with him or her, each is better for having work to do—hard work and plenty of it. But constant anxiety and fretting about work harass even the strongest, and the wear and tear involved is bound to tell in the long run.

Most people might save themselves a great deal of worry if they would think out the work that has to be got through.

Before a busy day which will entail a rush, it is well to decide, and to write down on a memorandum sheet, what has to be done, and also to form a rough estimate of the time to be spent over each item, as there is nothing more trying and unnecessarily harassing than the attempt to get into a day more than it is within human possibilities to accomplish.

Then it is also avoidable to calculate with regard to every little duty or responsibility whether one ought to be able to manage it thoroughly and successfully. If not, if circumstances which one cannot control prevent one from carrying out one's wishes entirely, then it is quite useless to bewail the fact that one has not done as well as one might have done if circumstances had been different.

The old homely saying, "Do your best, and leave the rest," is very sound, and when once one has assured oneself what one's best really is, one must do it, and then cease to torment oneself as to the success of one's efforts.

Women are inclined to paralyse their working powers by their habits of worrying. They are so seldom able to work with all their might and main, to realise that if the whole of their energies be given to the work in hand, there is less chance of useless worrying.

TIRESOME LITTLE WAYS.

WE all ought, of course, to possess such ideal tempers and strong nervous systems that we should not even notice the irritating little ways of our friends and relatives, or the people with whom our daily life brings us in contact. But in these days of constant rush and hurry few possess a strong nervous system, and still fewer a temper ideal enough to remain sweet when the tired nerves have been racked by some thoughtless "tiresome little way."

Before now a whole family has been driven to the verge of comical despair by one member who had a persistent habit of sniffing—not that she suffered from cold or chronic catarrh; merely one of those little nervous tricks which, noticed at once, can instantly be stopped, although, if allowed to continue for any length of time, are difficult—indeed, almost impossible—to cure.

Children should be instantly checked in any little fidgety habit they may develop—but be sure it is a habit. Correct; don't scold. Treat it as a joke, if you can do so, and refer to it as seldom as possible; else by making the child self-conscious, you will render him liable to all kinds of irritating little mannerisms.

Perhaps no habits are more easily acquired or more difficult to alter than those of speech and manners. We all have our little pet expressions, which slip out at every turn. These are hardly ever tiresome while the manner is pleasant and cheerful.

Imagine, however, living with a person whose favourite relaxation is heaving deep sighs and mournfully ejaculating, "Oh, dear me!" on the average three times an hour—without a vestige of real trouble; merely a tiresome little way!

PALMISTRY AS AN ENTERTAINER.

In the issue of that dainty little paper for ladies, HOME NOTES, now on sale, will be found, besides much useful and invaluable information, an interesting article on Palmistry dealing with the Line of Health. Among the most practical uses Palmistry may be put to are the training of children and choosing a career for them. A knowledge of the science will teach the parent what is lacking in the child's nature; will point out the qualities that require encouragement, and those that should be repressed. The science is also a guide as regards health. You should make a point of reading this interesting series of articles, for there are various ways in which the study of this subject may be instructive and helpful. With this same issue of HOME NOTES—viz., that dated November 24, 1904, a paper pattern of an overall for a child of from four to six years of age will be given away, as well as full particulars concerning the cutting out and making it. Price one penny.



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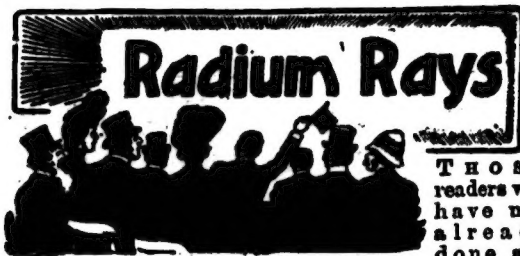
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THOSE
readers who
have not
already
done so,
I would

advise at once to turn to page 365, where they will be able to commence the new serial story, "A Faith Betrayed." This tale is from the pen of that gifted writer, Sybil Campbell Lethbridge, who wrote the fascinating romance, "Leaves in the Wind," which appeared in the earlier part of this year, and will doubtless be remembered with pleasure. I can promise my readers that they have indeed a treat in store in "A Faith Betrayed." After they have read this week's instalment, I shall be glad to hear how they like it.

A BOOK full of the delightful reminiscences of Major Arthur Griffiths has just been published under the title of "Fifty Years of Public Service." As Major Griffiths writes with a vast knowledge of what goes on behind the scenes, his book contains some remarkable revelations. I am publishing a few extracts from the volume in another part of this number.

"Is it lucky to see a black cat?" asks GERTIE. — It is lucky for you if you happen to see it in time to prevent yourself from falling over it. It is also lucky for the cat. In any other respect it is only superstition, and people who believe in it might benefit by a short stay on Chatham Island. This island, which is off the coast of Ecuador, abounds in black cats, which live in the crevices of the lava formation on the coast. These animals do not hunt rats and mice, but catch fishes and crabs, upon which they feed.

HURBAN! I have discovered why pork sausages are more expensive than beef sausages. It appears that pork sausages can only be made out of the best part of the pork, while beef can be composed (and mostly is) of that portion of the beef which is not good enough for the table. As one of my correspondents (who is a maker of sausages) truthfully points out, an ox is a large animal, and there is a good deal of meat about him which a butcher is glad to sell at 3d. a pound. Were beef sausages made of rump steak, they would be more expensive than those of pork.

NAPOLI writes as follows: "I read with intense enjoyment your reply to the 'macaroni' query. I also have suffered. It may interest you to know the method adopted by the professors of the art in the home of macaroni. The implements used are a dessertspoon and fork. A coil of the stuff is seized with the fork, which is then turned with a circular motion in the hollow of the spoon, until the end of the coil is reached, thus twisting the macaroni into something resembling a ball of worsted. Frequently the ball attains alarming proportions, and the subsequent operation resembles nothing so much as a conjuring feat, but with practice the features gradually adapt themselves to the game."

CONSTANT READER asks: "How can two people see London as it ought to be seen in a week, on 10s. a day per head, for getting about, hotel, theatre, and feeding expenses extra?" — Many people think that London is seen, as it should be seen, from the top of an omnibus. CONSTANT READER and his friends, having allowed for his hotel, theatre, and feeding expenses, should not require to spend more than the sum of 10s. a week, if he uses this form of locomotion. Where one spends money in London, or in any other big city, is in "incidentals." One spends the bulk of one's small cash in giving rewards for services with which one could have dispensed, and in buying small things one doesn't want. Let CONSTANT READER carefully avoid both these, and let him fill up each day's programme so full that he has no time to "kill," and I think he should be able to keep within the sum he mentions.

RESULT OF THE "RAILWAY" COMPETITION.

A GOLD-PLATED PENCIL-CASE has been sent to each of the following:

Mrs. H. Curme, Childs Okeford, Shillingstone, Dorset; A. Wilson, 35 Prince Regent Street, Leith; F. W. Bax, 20 Dour Street, Dover; J. P. Hudson, 37 Wellington Street, Torpoint, E.S.O., Cornwall; W. Ogilvy, 53 Findhorn Place, Edinburgh; C. A. Puddicombe, 385 London Road, Lowestoft; F. J. Green, King Street, Gunnislake, Tavistock; J. Wood, Ye Olde House, Royal Hill, Greenwich, S.E.; V. McCombe, 129 Walton Breck Road, Liverpool; F. R. Ashford, 17 Cromwell Road, Plymouth; M. Abraham, Board School Cottage, Prescot; Miss A. Thomas, 13 Rampart Road, Salisbury; T. Hepburn, 5 Harvie Street, S.S. Glasgow; G. F. Chambers, Lethen Grange, Sydenham, S.E.; A. Chantry, Bunown, Clifden, Co. Galway; Mrs. Robertson, Bank of Scotland, Blairgowrie; W. A. Noice, Wamler House, Warwick Street, Worthing; P. Ginn, 6 Trevor Street, Summer Hill, Carlisle; M. Hill, Wallington Lodge, Crescent Road, Upper Norwood; C. Barklie, Hill Hall, Lisburn, Ireland; H. Lusty, 29 Lyndale Avenue, Bridgwater; F. Allen, 21 Sloan Street, Leith; E. Hughes, Old London House, Ammanford, Carmarthenshire; H. Hawkins, Pendarren, Crickhowell; J. Colley, 9 Gordon Street, Islington, N.

W. L.—Yes, it is quite true that Port Arthur was once occupied by the Japanese. This was on November 21st, 1894—just ten years ago. On that occasion a force of 22,000 Japanese, commanded by Marshal Oyama, with the help of twenty-two torpedo boats, defeated 20,000 Chinese, and took possession of the town, though eventually they were obliged by Russia to evacuate. Will they occupy it again next Monday?

E. W. is very anxious to keep a dog, and wants to know what breed I should recommend. — So much depends upon your surroundings, E. W. If you live in a flat you don't want a big dog, while if you desire a watch dog to live outdoors it is no use my advising you to get a toy terrier. I think your best way of obtaining the information asked for, will be to get a book that has only recently been published. It is called "The Dog." Any bookseller will get it for you for one shilling, or the Book Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., will send it post free on receipt of one shilling and twopence.

You win your bet, INQUIRER. There is a well-known lady singer who can reach very low notes with her voice—so low, in fact, that she has earned the title of "lady-bass," which, by-the-way, she very much dislikes. This lady—Miss Violet Elliott, an Australian, is now in London fulfilling an engagement at the Alhambra Theatre of Varieties. Among other songs she sings is "Homeward," the first piece in the new series, PEARSON'S 6D. MUSIC, which, together with "Echoes," the second piece, can be had at any music-seller's or bookstall.

I WILL give a gold-plated pencil-case to each of the twenty-five readers from whom I receive what I consider the best sentence, containing not more than fifteen words, the letters composing which are only those contained in the title of our new serial, "A FAITH BETRAYED." Of course, letters may be repeated any number of times. All sentences must be written on post-cards, addressed to THE FAITH EDITOR, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and sent so as to arrive not later than by first post on Thursday, November 24th. Competitors are asked to write their sentences on picture post-cards, which, after judging, will go to the little suffering patients in the children's hospitals.

"In the street the other day," writes B. P., "I paused for a minute to glance in a mirror, to see that my appearance was all right. Just at the moment, two young ladies of my acquaintance came up, and teased me mercilessly about my 'vanity.' Can you tell me why it should be considered vain for a man to look in the glass?" — For my part I think it a very foolish custom to suppose that mirrors are solely for feminine use. Mirrors are just as necessary for men as for women. Without them, how would one know whether one's face was not bespattered with mud or smuts, or one's tie crawling round one's neck, or one's coat covered with grit and dust, or one's hair in disorder? It is quite right that a man should give a casual glance at himself in a mirror he happens to pass, just to reassure himself that he is looking trim. In this connection, I may quote a correspondent DOMINUS, who says: "It is an excellent thing to carry a hand mirror, such as is sold for a penny anywhere, in your breast pocket. Then, if you get a fly, or a grain of dust in your eye, it is a matter of a second to locate it, and remove it with a handkerchief." This I think a very sensible suggestion. If every man carried a small mirror, he would be able to "set himself right," round some quiet corner, and be saved the embarrassment mentioned by my first correspondent.

"WHEN I married," writes THOMAS, "I did not expect the result. I have not only married my wife, but her family. Every Sunday, her father—a somewhat impetuous old gentleman—drops in and takes dinner with us. For a long time I have put up with this, as with the visits of her mother, sisters, brothers, but my patience is now wearing out. How should I politely convey to her father that I am not a restaurant, and to her family, that I don't take in unpaying guests?" — I sympathise with THOMAS. In his case, there seems good reason to feel aggrieved. I suggest that he should move to another suburb. However, let me tell a little true story, which THOMAS and others in like position should ponder over. A young man of my acquaintance also suffered from the visits of a father-in-law. This gentleman, like THOMAS', was very, very hard up, having lost money in Stock Exchange speculations. One day, my friend very brusquely told this old gentleman that he wished his visits to cease. The old gentleman got on to his dignity. "Very well," he said, "I shall make a note of your request." Two years passed away. My friend fell out of work. But by a turn in events, the father-in-law regained his old position on the Stock Exchange, and rapidly became in affluent circumstances. My friend, on his beam ends, appealed to the old gentleman to help him. "No," was the reply, "you ordered me out of your house when I was in hard circumstances. Now you can shift for yourself. Good morning." This may help THOMAS and a few others to remember, that the poor man of to-day may be the rich man of to-morrow, and vice versa, and never to refuse a meal if you can give it, especially to those who are related to you.

AMUSED has been sojourning at a seaside town of small dimensions where he has seen a Town Crier; and asks what is the use of this personage. — The Town Crier is a very old institution, and his occupation was practically taken away by the advent of the newspaper and other necessities of the present time; but he is useful to a certain extent. Suppose you have lost something; you have bills printed and circulated, but people usually crumple them up without reading. An advertisement in the newspaper, at most places, is of little use, as the paper appears only once a week. But everybody listens to the Town Crier, because it is a novelty; it amuses and interests all to hear him, and he thus becomes the best medium of advertising losses, concerts, and what not.

THE following amounts have come to hand since the publication of the last FAREM AIR FUND list:

L. Woods, 10d.; H. A. M., 2s. 6d.; Margery and Jack, 1s. 6d.; K. Womald (S. A.), 10s.; F. Childs, 1s. 6d.; B. K., 7s.; G. F. Ransome, 6d.; China, 1s.; Lobster, 2s.; C. A. Gemmell, 9d.; Miss B. F. Tomkins, 6d.; G. Morrison, 1s. 6d.; Anon., Nottingham, 2s.; Mrs. N. H. Peters, Burma, 10s.; An Indian Sympathiser, 2s.; D. P., 6s. 6d.; A. Williams, 1s. 6d.; Dot and three others, 3s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; G. Wright, 6d.; Miss C. Macqueen, 6s. 8d.; Capt. Ernest F. Annan, 21 10s.; John H. St. George, 4s. 6d.; P. L. C., 1s.; W. Phillips, 1s.; Harry Douglas, 2s.; E. M. B., 1s. 6d.; F. Brear, 7s. 6d.; R. P. Brown, 1s.; S. C., 9d.; "Witness," 9d.; C. S. M. Shenton, S.E.G.A., 15s.; D. E. Edina, 2s. 6d.; T. Wild, 9d.; B. J. Marsh, 9d.; E. G. Acres, 9d.; J. M. W., 4s. 6d.; In Memory of A. E. Rossiter, 21 1s.; T. W. Balmer, 6d.; L. A. A., 5s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Miss Ridgway, East London, 10s.; Lower Deck, H.M.S. Bellona, per S. A. Collins, 23 10s.; "Gymkana," 4s. 6d.; Argentine Well-Wisher, 28 2s.; W. L. Gemmell, 9d.; A. G., Peterborough, 1s.; Dick, 2s.; G. de Kilford, 9d.

COLLECTED: Firemen of New Zealand, per James Gilbert, 216 2s.; Geo. Wake, 10s. 6d.; Bazaar by F. and T. Mawson, D. and E. Stratton, and P. Wicks, 21 3s. 6d.; Mrs. H. A. Phillips, 23 1s.; J. Godfrey Tante (S. A.), 17s. 6d.; Miss Ethel Matthews, 12s. 6d.; Alan and Nora Davidson, 6s. 6d.; Miss Cooke, 10s.; C. H. Johnson, jun., 15s. 9d.; Winnie Edwards, 2s. 6d.; "Larden," per Miss Hodgkinson, 10s.; Staff of the Boy's Model Ship, Natal, per Frank Carey, 10s.; Sick in 68 Moss, H.M.S. Alexandra, 1s.; J. Whaley, Pietermaritzburg, 23 5s.; "Letter" Competition, 7s. 7d.; H. H. and Friends, 11s. 4d.; B. Hambling, 10s.; Chas. L. Peirse-Duncombe, 21 1s.; Ship's Company and Officers, H.M.S. Pythias, per A. S. Hotel, per P. Patterson, 26 14s. 9d.; M. S. Edkins (S. A.), Paasmore, 23; Miss D. Luscombe-Brown, 10s.; Volkmar Hotel, per P. Patterson, 26 14s. 9d.; M. S. Edkins (S. A.), 10s.; Nurse A. Couper, Johannesburg, 21 3s.; G. W. Sellar, New Zealand, 10s.; R. F. King, Zululand, 22 2s.; Ship's Boy, H.M.S. Gauranga, per F. E. Amery, 21; Marjorie Airey and Friend, 2s. 6d.; Royal Engineers, Malta, per Sapper Lark, R.E., 31st Company, 21 11s. 6d.; H. E. F., 1s.; E. R. Thomason, 9d.; Miss M. R. Bewick, 21; Marjorie Braley, 2s.; R. Haynes (Cape Town), 11s.; Result of Bazaar Organised by Amy and Madge Wilks and E. and H. Barron, 18s.

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will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person having the current number of Pearson's Weekly on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-month's subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the collector, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry this paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newspaper's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Rules No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature
Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, November 17th, 1904, until midnight, Friday, November 25th, 1904.

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Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

THE GRAMOPHONE IN THE HOME.

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MELBA says:

Dear Sir,—I have tried the records and find them really wonderful reproductions of my singing. I feel that, in them, all the care and trouble to which your experts went last month have found great reward. My friends who have heard them are simply delighted with them.—Yours faithfully,
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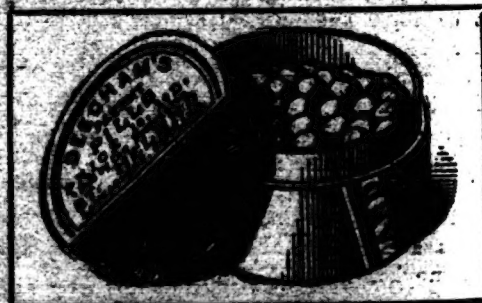
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